MAR 24 1948

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXV. No. 887. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1948 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE DEFENCE OF THE WEST

When the Foreign Ministers of the sixteen Marshall Plan countries re-assemble in Paris on March 15, much will depend on the psychological atmosphere engendered by the "second revolution" in Prague. To compare last week's events with the German rape of Czechoslovakia is to give way to hysteria. What the Czechoslovakian Communists, no doubt under Russian direction, have done is to finalise the partition of Europe which Roosevelt and Stalin first outlined at Yalta. In that conference the statesmen recognised that after the war Western Europe would become, broadly speaking, an Anglo-American interest, and that Eastern Europe would in the same way fall within the Russian sphere. The world was to be divided into two worlds, each with its strategic sphere, but co-operating in preventing war among other nations and settling their own differences by discussion. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill hoped that the Soviet Union was now merely a Great Power which would cease to preach Communism abroad, and that in talking about democratic elections each side would mean the same thing. In the event—and inevitably—Communism has become the dominant way of life in the East, and Western democracy, part capitalist, part Socialist, in the West. Ever since V-E Day, Russia, acting through the national Communist parties, has ruthlessly suppressed any attempt to restore "reaction" in Eastern Europe. Since the enunciation of the Truman Doctrine, America has made it clear enough that she will do everything she can to prevent any Communist government coming to power in any of the nations outside the Soviet sphere.

In this cold war Czechoslovakia remained until last week a lonely and courageous exception to the ideological rule, a Western democracy in the Communist camp. The exception exists no longer. Czechoslovakia loses the realities of national autonomy; the process involves a tragedy for hundreds of thousands of Czechs who love individual liberty and who define democracy in the Western and not in the Eastern way. But it neither affects the balance of power, nor can it be denounced by the objective observer as in any sense Russian aggression. What the action of the Czechoslovak Communists does is to underline in red the dividing line which runs across Europe, and to remind us that Soviet ideological war is total in its demands for conformity.

Already the conclusion is being drawn, not only in America but also in Britain, that our response must be intensified military preparations. What futility! Is it pretended that if America had possessed a few dozen more atom bombs, or if Britain had a few more battleships in commission and a few more divisions in Germany, Mr. Gottwald might have hesitated to strike? Does anyone suggest that, in the event of war, any forces at our disposal could prevent the Red Army from reaching the Channel and from turning Europe from the North Cape to the Pyrennees into a Communist fortress? Surely we must realise by now that the third world war, if it comes, would start with Britain in the desperate plight of August, 1940. To act on the assumption that war is inevitable is to assume the loss of all Europe, and to believe that it can only be regained by another infinitely more destructive invasion than the Normandy landings.

No, the lesson of Prague is very different. The Russian threat is not a threat of military aggression. Stalin's technique is not as crude as Göring's. He does not threaten to blot out our cities with heavy bombs unless we capitulate to armed might. He says quietly, but with all the assurance of dialectic dogma, that the non-Communist world is bound to disintegrate through its own inherent contradictions, and that this inherent disintegration will, in the first instance, be accelerated by the actions of the various Communist parties, and then, when the moment comes, exploited for revolutionary purposes. The Russian Communist is convinced that his cause is bound to win in the long run. If war can be averted capitalism will be given time to destroy itself. If war comes, he hopes to win it. But war introduces incalculable risks, and he prefers to rely for victory on the "contradictions of capitalism."

The challenge here is not primarily a military challenge, and it certainly cannot be met by purely military means. The Red Army could occupy Western Europe within a few weeks; it will not do so because thereby it would precipitate the war with America. Hence the immediate struggle will be fought out in economic and social terms. The job of democracy in Western Europe is not to organise armed forces sufficient to defeat Russia, but to construct a Western Union whose social system makes Communism unnecessary and refutes the prophecies of the Kremlin sages. If we permit indignation at events in Prague to deflect us from this positive purpose, we shall be digging the grave of Western democracy and Socialism.

Much depends therefore on the recalled Paris Conference. Probably the sixteen nations will be offered an American military guarantee. This will only be an open recognition of the fact that Russian "aggression" would in fact mean war with the U.S., and war is less likely if the Russians know where are the boundaries of peace and war. But there is a danger that the conference will concentrate its attention on strategic issues. This would be fatal. Its main purpose must be to create central organs through which Western Union can become an economic reality.

It is good news that all the nations, with the natural exception of Switzerland, have responded favourably to the Anglo-French approach on this subject. The peoples at least are ready for an immense step forward towards integration. A permanent central authority for administering Marshall aid can, if Britain and France do not permit their special interests to hold them back, become the nucleus of a central planning authority whose functions would reach far beyond the confines of American aid. The committees set up at Paris have made some progress in collecting the necessary information on such subjects as agriculture, steel, and hydro-electric power. What is needed is a decision by the Foreign Ministers to devolve on the central authority power not merely to co-ordinate but to plan. Furthermore, the central authority should be instructed immediately to set up specialist agencies to deal with the heavy industries, food

production and common services such as transport and civil aviation.

It has often been remarked, ironically, that great constructive advances are never made except in the face of an enemy. In the present case this is certainly true. It is fear of Communism which is driving the Americans to support the Marshall Plan, and driving M. Bidault and Mr. Bevin to accept the need of inroads on national sovereignty. But though anti-Communism may be a good enough motive for Congressmen, it is a totally insufficient inspiration for Western European unity. We need to-day, above all, not the bombs to destroy Russia, but the will to create our own form of Socialism.

Franco and the State Department

How to include Spain, with its potentially valuable ports and aerodromes, within the American strategic sphere of influence—if not precisely within the Western Bloc—is a question to which the U.S. Administration must have found it hard to provide an answer without giving too much grist to Mr. Henry Wallace's electoral mill. The State Department has devised a solution by giving its blessing to the despatch from Madrid to Washington of a financial delegation which is to negotiate a large loan from a consortium of American banks. This arrangement, which extends to Franco the substance, if not the form, of E.R.P., may be easier to "sell" to the American public if the Caudillo succeeds in his latest efforts to preserve his own position behind the façade of a constitutional monarchy. The Spanish monarchist movement had appointed a new secretary, José Maria Oriol, who is known to be on good terms with Franco, and is believed to be ready to act as an intermediary with Don Juan. What is contemplated is clearly a piece of window-dressing designed to make Spain look like a more eligible candidate for entry into the Western Union. Nothing could better illustrate the danger of Marshall aid degenerating into the financing of an extension of the Truman Doctrine in Western Europe.

Socialist International

The Labour Party issued last week-end the statement which it has prepared in readiness for the conference of Socialist parties from the "Marshall Aid" countries, due to meet in London on March 21st. In general, this is a sensible and realistic document, based on a recognition of the need for the European countries concerned to get together both in order to co-ordinate their own recovery programmes and to avoid the danger that "if relations between the Great Powers become more strained, the United States Government itself may wish to favour areas of strategic importance or jettison an unlucky country." As to economic integration, the statement is still somewhat halting; it stresses complications arising out of British Commonwealth relations and other bilateral bargains. It does, however, point the way to some development of closer international collaboration; and it does insist that any plan drawn up for the West must remain open to the Soviet Union and to its Eastern neighbours. A final section appositely stresses the need for a democratic Socialist approach, and the danger that "the concept of European unity may be corrupted in the hands of reaction"—presumably Mr. Churchill's Hague gathering.

Europe and America

Soviet policy has once again eased the passage of American aid to Europe by concentrating attention on the two small countries in Europe for which America has the strongest sentimental affection—Czechoslovakia (conceived in Chicago) and Finland (which paid its war debt). Senator Vandenberg has played to the full on the thesis that opposition to Marshall aid is a pro-Soviet gesture; and discreet leakage from the proper quarters in Washington made it seem possible that, as a reward for union, Western Europe might receive a military guarantee from America. That these stories have been reproduced in the United States without a shudder shows how completely at present the tradition of isolation is buried beneath preoccupation with the Soviet threat. At the same time another American tradition—that of hemisphere solidarity—has been rudely shaken by the actions of Guatemala, Chile and Argentina in laying claim to British territory. All these countries, and possibly Venezuela and Mexico also, will raise the issue of "European possessions in the Western hemisphere" at the Pan-American conference at Bogota in three weeks' time. The United States may be forced to mediate between her American and European allies. At present her sympathy is all with the British, who have put themselves in the right by appealing to the International Court of Justice.

Disturbances in West Africa

The Government's readiness to blame "the Communists" for the disturbances in Accra must be put down more to a desire to find a convenient excuse than to a wish to arrive at an accurate assessment of the situation. It is probably true that some Communists took part in the demonstrations and endeavoured to incite the African ex-Servicemen to acts of violence. But that does not mean that the ex-Servicemen have not got genuine grievances which the authorities have failed to satisfy, although the demonstrators may not have presented their complaints in an orthodox European manner. The roots of this problem lie in the dislocation caused by war recruitment. Many thousands of West Africans were recruited, ostensibly on a voluntary basis, but frequently at the dictation of their tribal chiefs. Once in the Army, they found themselves given a higher standard of life than anything to which they had been previously accustomed. Their food, pay and general conditions were incomparably better. In addition, they performed actions, valuable to the Allied cause, which gave them a new sense of their importance in the White Man's world. Unfortunately, little was done to prepare them for post-war rehabilitation. The dream of many an African is to go into business as a small trader. With the gratuities available the hope seemed near realisation, but obviously the scope for so great and so sudden an increase of small traders was absent. Consequently, they demanded other employment in the towns suitable to the capacities and status they had acquired during the war. This also was not forthcoming—hence the disturbances. It is lamentable that the Colonial Office and the Army authorities did not use the opportunities of the war to teach the West African soldiers useful trades, particularly in the agricultural sphere. That this was not done cannot be blamed on the Communists. Now the only course open is to provide such training and the means of developing more land for the use of the ex-Servicemen, and in that way to benefit both them and our food supplies.

The Busmen's Wages

The London busmen have now accepted the offer of an advance of 7s. 6d. a week on basic rates which they rejected when it was made to them before the Government's White Paper on personal incomes was published. In some quarters the granting of this advance, with its corollary of parallel settlements in the provinces, is being treated as if it meant the breakdown of the wage policy put forward by the Government and provisionally accepted in principle by the T.U.C. General Council. But surely it was never supposed that the Government either intended or expected a sudden and complete standstill, of such a kind as to exclude altogether claims already under negotiation. The agreement to carry more passengers at rush hours does something to link the advance to increased output; and there may be some similar linkages in the expected settlement on the railways, which will embody a scheme for reclassification of grades—a necessary sequel to the unification of ownership and overall management.

PARLIAMENT: Counting Costs

Wednesday

"When I was in Chihuahua . . ." is no longer the sort of opening to excite interest in the House. A drop-curtain of boredom now falls when one of Parliament's chronic travellers begins his personal report. A few months ago, Follick arrived from Portugal during a Foreign Affairs debate to tell us about his conversations with the Spanish Pretender. Last week, he landed in the Civil Aviation debate to let us know what Mr. This and Miss That had to tell him about Air Vice-Marshal Bennett during "a 20,000-mile journey to the Caribbean Sea."

The slowly falling curtain suddenly rushed up when he charged Bennett, in effect, with contributing to loss of life on the Star Tiger by failing to establish weather ships on the South Atlantic route. Ivor Thomas properly pointed out that this was a grotesque accusation since weather ships were the responsibility of the International Civil Aviation Organisation. Normally tolerant of their originals, Labour, Liberal and Tory Members lost patience with Follick as he persisted in his tittle-tattle.

Apart from this episode, the Debate which had been forecast "Rough" turned out to be no more than "Moderate to Mild," and Morrison who vigilantly sat through it with a Captain's eye, didn't have to unfold his arms. "What was the meaning of the air corporations' £10 million loss?" was the central question. Lennox-Boyd used the whole of his upper-register to declaim that it was all due to Socialism. George Strauss, in reply, showed that the loss was really a subsidy to a young industry, handicapped by the fact that, for the past year, to fly British planes has meant to fly uneconomically.

He set an example of constructive argument that the air experts who sprinkle both sides of the House followed. Air-Commodore Harvey, a Tory with a practical interest in civil aviation, said that, unless "we fly aircraft as good as our competitors, we will lose money." But he found it difficult to press his case for a better system of "aircraft procurement" since the Government had anticipated him by appointing a Committee on the subject. George Lindgren, the Parliamentary Secretary, had an easier time than he might have expected.

On Defence it looked as though the Opposition would make a better showing. After Alexander had dutifully presented his platitudinous amplification of the White Paper, Eden easily demonstrated its lack of a central strategic theme, with pertinent asides on the paucity of front line strength compared with the immensity of expenditure in manpower and finance. But there he stopped, presumably afraid that, if he presented a plan commensurate with our economic resources, he would be accused of weakness, and if he demanded effective and substantial fighting forces, he would lay himself open to the charge of asking the Government to spend more. On that dilemma nearly all the Tories foundered. Crossman's solution of the difficulty was to hand over the military task to the Americans and to devote the manpower saved to the development of a Western Union, made economically strong by our political wisdom and Marshall Aid. We could not deny our ultimate dependence on American military power; then, admit that dependence as overwhelming, militarily, and seek, under it, political and economic independence.

With this proposition Raymond Blackburn appeared delighted, and felt emboldened to rebuke Sir Ralph Glyn for imagining that it was not too late to attempt the breakdown of the Russian fear of the Western Powers by making living trade and social contacts through the Iron Curtain. Bellenger hinted at vested interests in the Service Departments which prevented the working out of an integrated defence policy. Swingler ably exposed the Government's enforced reversal of their policy on the National Service Act by which the call-up age of 18, advertised as the correct one a year ago, had now been transformed to 18½ and would soon become 19. Head and Low spoke as competent high-grade staff officers, and the debate petered out inconclusively, with the House condemned to an old, creaking and expensive model of defence, which pleased no one, through its fear of trying out a newer and cheaper one.

PHINEAS INC.

THE PROBLEM OF PRICES

THE T.U.C. General Council has given guarded and conditional approval to the principle of stabilising personal incomes. But Sir Stafford Cripps cannot be confident that the result will be a general freezing of wages so long as the situation is characterised by sharp increases, recent and prospective, in the cost of essential articles of consumption—both food and clothing. The conference of trade union executives convened for March 24 may deprecate impetuosity in placing time-limits to the massive claims for increased wages lodged or pending; there may be a disposition to await the Budget before the lines of the wages campaign are finally settled. But it is already pretty clear that trade unionists will resist resolutely any reduction in real wages; and it is doubtful whether they would regard the butchering of bourgeois profits, by application of the fiscal axe to dividends, as sufficient in itself to justify a wages holiday.

Unless, therefore, the Federation of British Industries responds in a surprising spirit of self-sacrifice to the Chancellor's invitation that its members should voluntarily cut their profit margins and so bring about a far-reaching reduction of prices, Sir Stafford seems likely to be confronted with a choice between two alternatives. He can either reverse the Government's declared intention of imposing a ceiling of £392 millions on food subsidies, and draw more heavily on tax revenue in order to offset the rising cost of food imports, particularly from sources other than the "sterling" Dominions; or, if he decides that increased food prices must be borne by the consumer, he can endeavour to bring about a compensatory reduction in the cost of other consumer goods by the mechanism of price-fixing Orders. So far, the price-stop, enacted last month by the Board of Trade, has touched only the fringe of marginal consumers' needs. It could in theory be extended to a much wider range of goods and services. We say "in theory"; for the practical difficulties in the application of price-fixing in an economy whose private enterprise sector still represents perhaps 80 per cent. of the whole, are too obvious to need emphasising. Apart from the probability of modifications of quality being used to defeat the intention of price-fixing Orders, the experience in the United States of the Office of Price Administration during the war shows that, in a capitalist society, it is almost impossible to create a price-fixing machinery which is sufficiently sensitive to avoid creating bottlenecks and shortages.

There is, however, one still more fundamental problem that has to be settled if great reliance is to be placed on price-fixing by administrative Order. On what general principle is the ceiling of permissible prices to be fixed? In wartime conditions the answer was simple: given the overriding necessity of obtaining maximum output for the war machine, prices had to be fixed at a level which would elicit full production from every available firm, including those whose costs were highest. To-day the need for maximum production is hardly less; but the objections to fixing prices at a level which provides at least a marginal profit for the least efficient firm, and enriches inordinately the most efficient producer, are much more cogent. For one thing, so long as some firms are demonstrably making enormous profits, it will be extremely difficult to convince the trade unions that profits cannot be squeezed in favour of increased wages.

In a completely free economy—that is, in the phase of "tooth and claw" capitalism—this problem does not arise: at the cost, it may be, of human suffering and waste, the less efficient firms go to the wall. Equally, in a predominantly Socialist State, in which types and quantities of production are determined by plan, not individual profit, the question of prices becomes secondary: it can be settled by reference to considerations purely of social policy. But in a transitional phase such as that through which Britain is now passing, with the emphasis still laid on private profit as an incentive to production, the fixing of prices becomes, economically and politically, the most complex of problems — particularly since, in Britain, differences in factory layout and age of plant have led, as Sir Stafford Cripps recently emphasised, to an almost incredibly wide "spread" between the highest and lowest cost of production of identical articles.

Can the State, by fixing prices deliberately at a level which will exclude the less efficient producer, provide—in the interests of efficiency—a substitute for the purging process applied under *laissez-faire* by the free market? Or must the answer be sought in a more rapid expansion than has yet been envisaged of public ownership of the means both of production and distribution, so that State enterprises may progressively out-compete that of the less efficient private firms. To these basic questions the Labour Movement has not yet given sufficient consideration.

DILEMMA FOR LIBERALS

AS long as Franklin Roosevelt was President, life was politically simple for American liberals. Nationally, they voted for F.D.R. Locally, they supported the Democratic ticket or, sometimes, a liberal Republican candidate. There was a place for them on the New Deal bandwaggon and, until the driver died, some of them were permitted to sit on the front seat and scan the countryside for lurking economic royalists. But when Mr. Truman took the reins, the trouble started. The Southern gentlemen and some of the party managers did not mind much if the waggon went backwards: their Republican rivals were picking up passengers in that direction. The liberals agreed that they should keep going forward, but they were divided among themselves, some of them believing that their fellow-travellers had both another route and a different destination in mind. From that point the quarrels became increasingly bitter.

That was how matters stood at the beginning of this year, until Henry Wallace decided to jump right off the waggon and offer himself as a third choice in November. This has placed liberals in an unpleasant dilemma, forcing them to choose whether they should abandon the Democratic Party as lost, at least temporarily, and go out to mobilise a vote which could symbolise protest against the present bi-partisan policies and, probably, throw the election to the Republicans, or whether they should cluster round the Truman banner in the hope of keeping a Democrat in the White House and, perhaps, of swinging both the Administration and Congress back to a more progressive domestic policy. This is a real dilemma, the worse because neither alternative promises definite results. Yet, since abstention is even less realistic, a gamble has to be made.

The first annual convention of Americans for Democratic Action, whose proceedings I have just been watching, brought out clearly the difficulties one group of liberals is meeting in its attempt to face up to this problem. A.D.A., still in its infancy, has about 25,000 members, organised in 87 branches, and an impressive roster of veteran New Dealers and trade union leaders at its head, ranging from Wilson Wyatt and Adolf Berle, jun., to David Dubinsky and Walter Reuther. Members and leadership alike are resolutely anti-Communist, condemn Wallace and his associates as catspaws of Russia, are unhappy about many aspects of American policy and pretty uncertain about their own course of action.

The delegates who came to Philadelphia knew that, before they met again, a new Congress and, perhaps, a new President would be sitting in Washington. They had to formulate a policy for their movement and hammer out the tactics whereby that policy could be pressed. But one thing, at least, was clear before the convention opened. A.D.A. would throw its whole weight against what Wilson Wyatt, in his keynote speech, called "the dangerous and irresponsible" Wallace campaign. In this they would line up with the leadership of the A.F. of L. and the C.I.O., which had sent prominent representatives—even the traditionally "non-political" President of the A.F. of L., William Green—to address the delegates. Like the union leaders, the members of A.D.A. had no desire to join Gideon's army in the wilderness; they would not associate in any way with the Communist valets who, said Walter Reuther, had groomed Wallace as a candidate. In any case, a new party of any sort seemed neither desirable nor feasible to the delegates.

But once independent political action was decisively rejected, what was left? The delegates still had to find an answer to the problem that the Roosevelt period had left unsolved. Can the liberals capture or strongly influence the Democratic Party? The assumption, clearly, is that they can. Otherwise there would be no logical reason to delay the formation of a new party backed by all liberals and progressive trade unionists. Otherwise the choice would really be, as Wallace claims, between a Democratic Tweedledum and a Republican Tweedledee.

There were many in the ballroom of that Philadelphia hotel who had played a leading role in shaping Democratic policy between 1932 and 1944. It had been possible once. Why not again? The Democratic machine might be in difficulties for the moment, under fire from dissident Southern groups and Wallace at the same time. Mr. Truman's liberal speeches might sound a little hollow when he was accompanied to the banquet table by party bosses such as Ed Flynn and Jim Farley and by Jouett Shouse, who directed the campaign of the Liberty League against Franklin Roosevelt. But the convention delegates, I am sure, sincerely believed that organised labour and liberal opinion held the solution in their grasp if they resolved to go out and fight for progressive candidates and policies, first, in the party primaries and then at the polls. Partly held captive in the Democratic camp by the fear of putting in Republicans who would regard the Taft-Hartley Act as a mere appetiser, partly convinced that the Democratic machine can again be made to do more than pay lip-service to liberal principles if the pressure is sufficiently strong, certain that third parties are a recurrent American mirage whose pursuit destroys wandering minority groups, the liberal element represented in A.D.A. set out to plan its own activities in this election year.

Immediately, tactical differences emerged. The Minnesota delegation, for instance, which has had some local success in working as a group within the combined Farmer-Labour Democratic organisation and has also temporarily defeated a bid for its control by Wallace supporters, joined the Illinois delegates in urging A.D.A. to set up its own electoral machinery as an adjunct of local Democratic machines, to mobilise the vote for liberals at party primaries, and to assist at local and national elections. This, in effect, would be similar to the activity of the various political committees set up by the unions. Another group, less sanguine about the practicability of direct political action on a national scale, sought to avoid any definite commitment to either of the main parties until their national conventions in June had drafted platforms and nominated candidates. This position, recalling the old dictum of Samuel Gompers about rewarding labour's friends and punishing its enemies, was finally adopted. But what follows from this? That was not made particularly clear, though A.D.A. members were urged to work for liberal candidates of either party. "If we remain a Fabian Society," said one delegate, "we can't maintain the interest of our members. We must do something in practical politics. Perhaps we do good work behind the scenes. But will that win mass support?" A speaker from New York agreed: "Let us face the fact," he said, "as yet we are an organisation of press releases."

But even press releases, let alone political action, require a realistic and attractive policy. On the domestic issues, the convention did not

have much trouble—though the validity of policy depends upon the means by which its adoption is to be urged. Few American liberals would find much to dissent from in the demands for extended civil liberties, for an end to racial discrimination, for price control and stronger anti-trust laws, for aid to farmers and the maintenance of full employment by government intervention, for repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act and increased security, health and education services, for river planning on the model of the T.V.A. and improved housing conditions. On these issues, together and specifically, there is already widespread agitation. To secure these things, the unions will willingly spend their political funds; their members, together with supporters of A.D.A., of Wallace, of the Democratic and Republican parties, would go to the polling booths united to elect Representatives and Senators or state legislatures pledged to this programme of domestic progress.

If the coming election was to be fought solely on such issues, it is improbable that Henry Wallace would to-day be leading a new party. In many cases, his endorsement and organised support will be swung behind candidates acceptable to both A.D.A. and the unions, though some third-party nominees will be put up for Congress against major party candidates considered liberal by A.D.A. or the C.I.O. The dividing line is foreign policy, largely policy towards Russia.

A.D.A. has internal differences about foreign affairs, but little disagreement about Russia. Reinhold Niebuhr and Clarence Streit, for example, may have opposing views on the urgent need to establish a genuine federation on the existing structure of the United Nations. But both of them are convinced that strong American leadership is imperative in world affairs if "Russian aggression" is to be checked, as were the majority of the delegates. Yet those who voted for a continued policy of containment also voted down endorsement of universal military training. The delegates favoured aid to Turkey and Greece, but disapproved of the Truman Doctrine and wanted the State Department to dig up a more reputable regime to be the recipient of aid to Greece. They believed that Kuomintang China should be supported, but that the aid should be used to transform it into a stable and progressive regime and not merely to underpin corruption and inefficiency. Finally, they wholeheartedly endorsed the Marshall Plan.

This, for A.D.A., is the policy of the Third Force in the United States, and it does not differ greatly from its European counterpart. It has to face an almost identical problem. While it concedes—with the possible exception of Palestine—the general principles underlying the policy laid down in Washington, it recognises that some aspects of that policy, in their practical application, are distasteful to liberal opinion. In challenges to the fundamentals of that policy—such as those coming from Wallace—it hears only the growl of the Russian bear. It is as anxious to prevent American policy from providing any justification for those growls as the non-Communist Left in Europe is anxious lest it does. Here again the assumptions involved are important. A.D.A., and those who think the same way, assume that their criticisms will be effective and that modifications will be made in official American policy. Otherwise they would not be wasting their time making those criticisms. Yet they must recognise that the policy may remain unmodified. In that case, they have clearly decided that the policy as it is should be preferred to a general protest, albeit no more effective, through the medium of the Wallace campaign. That is a clear and reasonable position. But it is unreasonable to dismiss everyone who questions their assumptions and who believes that it is time that liberal opinion should be mobilised under its own banner, uncompromised by attempted permeation, as a Communist, fellow-traveller, dupe or even a secret adherent of Taft.

This dilemma, of course, cannot be resolved as long as liberal groups are divided, because there is no means of knowing how either tactic would work out if they were united. Obviously, a new party which had prominent New Dealers at its head and all organised labour behind it would mean more than anything Wallace and Senator Taylor can rally at the grass roots. As far as policy toward the Soviet Union is concerned, moreover, the dilemma is more fundamental than a mere matter of tactics. Yet the Wallace movement is not developing solely as a protest against a tough anti-Soviet policy, nor is it fair to represent it as little more than that. Its capacity to get support, however the figures are explained, was shown under special circumstances in the Bronx election. Its collection of nearly half a million signatures to put Wallace on the ballot in California, its strength in Minnesota and Michigan—where polls show Wallace ahead of Truman—its probable ability to deny the Democrats the electoral college votes of Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and some other marginal and important States, are sufficient to intensify the schizophrenia from which American liberals have been doomed to suffer this year. It is not easy to support a movement which may put a Republican in the White House. That decision, many liberals have said to me in recent weeks, can only be justified if they are convinced that permeation is hopeless at present, if they believe they are speeding a new alignment of parties in the hope of one day rallying all liberal and labour groups in one camp.

In that dilemma, you pay your nickel and you take your choice. If Wallace is right, then A.D.A. is helping to push America towards war. If A.D.A. is right, then Wallace is a worse enemy of democratic liberty than a diehard reactionary. Europe may take sides in this debate, for it faces much the same dilemma. But this particular headache is history's gift to American liberalism as a hangover from the Roosevelt party.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

Philadelphia, February 23.

AS PAKISTAN SEES IT

[This article, cabled from Karachi on Feb. 24, was held up by the Pakistan censorship until too late for our last issue.]

IN my last article, a fortnight ago, I tried to summarise the Kashmir issue as seen from Delhi, confirming it on certain points from my own observations at Jammu and Poonch. Now, having visited Pakistan, I feel even more strongly that it was a bad mistake for Uno to ignore India's appeal and not to make an independent investigation. In the absence of an authoritative inquiry, wild views and rumours are freely canvassed in both camps; and the picture of the Kashmir situation looks completely different on the two sides of the frontier. In Lahore I met Muslim officers who believed that the Congress leaders intended to wipe out all Muslims; and, in Delhi, many think that Jinnah plots with the help of the whole Muslim world, supported by America, to re-establish the empire of the Great Moguls.

It must be remembered that all discussion is suffused with the deep emotions roused by terrible events in the Punjab. Most people in Pakistan have lost friends and relatives killed by Sikhs, and in both Dominions the vast problem of the hundreds of thousands of refugees, who must be supported somehow or other in camps, and the tens of thousands of abducted women, who constitute a special problem, are a daily reminder of the savagery of a few months ago. If I mentioned in Pakistan the border raids I witnessed in Kashmir, I was told that Sikhs were still nightly carrying out similar raids on Pakistan territory. True, there has been some improvement in that some Hindus are able to return to Pakistan territory, and that Muslims can now walk about—by day at least—without molestation in Delhi. But it will be long before even people so ready to forgive as the inhabitants of this subcontinent—it is one of their outstanding characteristics—can regain their balance after these ghastly massacres.

I made an instructive error in my last article when I said that Pakistan had ceased to pay any subsidy to the tribesmen. It is instructive because I was only repeating what is taken for granted in most authoritative quarters in Delhi. Yet it is untrue, as I was told by responsible officials on the North-West Frontier. The subsidy has been continued. But the point is not very important, because the total amount spent on frontier defence is, of course, much smaller than it was during the British occupation. As fellow Muslims, Pakistan hopes the tribesmen can be conciliated and turned into allies; and, though perhaps it is unfair to say that the loot of Kashmir was deliberately offered by the Pakistan Government to the tribesmen, it is true, as officials in Pakistan admitted to me, that influential people in Pakistan found Kashmir a very convenient territory in which to canalise the tribesmen's energies.

It is not worth while to argue about the help given in Pakistan to the tribesmen. The pretence that help is not organised by someone, with at least the connivance of the authorities, breaks down at once in conversation. Real efforts were made by some authorities to prevent tribal incursions, but the pressure was overwhelming; and, as the country is completely sympathetic and people made it their business to tell the tribal leaders that this was a holy war against the oppressors of Islam, the position was soon completely out of hand. It is perfectly clear that, once the tribesmen saw both loot and religion as combined objectives, the Pakistan police or army, if told to stop them, would most of them have sided with the raiders. Often the tribesmen come with their own lorries, probably supplemented by others, and use petrol coupons certainly also supplemented. At camps which are known, though not conspicuous, tribesmen are fitted out with ammunition and sent on to Kashmir. Clearly there are many officers involved in this business; and British officers (of whom there are many already in the Pakistan army, including new arrivals, as I saw at Rawalpindi) are at least fully aware of what is going on.

The most level-headed person I met in Pakistan was a high-ranking Pakistan officer who did not deny any of this, but turned the tables on me by asking why Pakistan should not give such aid? I learnt at once how completely different the situation looks from the Pakistan angle. He pointed out that the Poonch revolt against the oppressive rule of Sir Hari Singh began before his accession to India, and that Poonch had always provided many soldiers to the Muslim regiments, who naturally wished to aid their State, rightly struggling to be free. No one could prevent them spending their leave in Poonch and helping in its fight, whether or not they actually overstayed their leave to do so. He thought that this intervention by Poonchi officers in the Pakistan army on behalf of their own people could be legally justified, and there was no reason why Pakistan should not freely admit it. No better illustration could be given of the contrast in view of the situation as seen in India and Pakistan. In India the Poonch rebellion seems to have been largely and undeservedly forgotten. Indian minds are not haunted by recollections of burning and killing by the Maharajah's Dogras. They see the situation as saving the lovely Vale of Kashmir—dominated, as they believe, by that dynamic Muslim friend of India, Sheik Abdullah—from the fate of Baramula, which was sacked by tribesmen. Thus no real argument takes place between the two Dominions, because they are talking about different situations.

In fact, there are several different wars going on in Kashmir. When Indian spokesmen talk of Kashmir as a whole acceding to India, I cannot help reminding them that Gilgit is quite unapproachable over a vast mountain area on the Chinese border, and that India is almost equally unlikely to regain other mountain areas which are in effect now part of Pakistan. As for the province of Poonch, it is effectively in Pakistan hands, and certainly strongly pro-Pakistan in

sentiment. Only the small town of Poonch remains in a state of siege in Indian hands. I went there by plane, which is now the only means of communication. We flew over mountains ranging up to 7,500 feet, to land on an airstrip which the Brigadier in command there has constructed. On this tiny besieged island, defended by pickets in the mountains only a mile or two away, are thirty-two thousand refugees who must be supplied, mainly by air. Each plane makes several journeys a day and takes back women and children refugees.

I am told that India can hold and perhaps relieve the town of Poonch, but I shall take a lot of persuading that Poonch should be part of India. Again, Jammu, where many Muslims were killed or driven away by Sikhs, but where the population was always divided, now must be regarded as part of India. The main doubt is, therefore, about the future of the Vale of Kashmir; and one would not have thought it beyond human wisdom to settle conditions under which a plebiscite might be fairly held. Of course, all plebiscites are open to the objection that people, especially a very poor population like the Kashmiris, will vote more according to their fears than any other reason, and it is therefore natural that difficulties should arise in deciding how the place should be policed and administered during the projected plebiscite. My own view, after many conversations with high-ranking army officers on both sides, is that these soldiers, who served recently together and who are horrified at the thought of possibly being asked to fight against each other, could work out without great difficulty a plan for carrying through a plebiscite which would be as nearly fair and honest as any plebiscite ever is.

The arrangement for the plebiscite in any case involves admissions and concessions by both sides. Pakistan, which at some stage will have to face the whole problem of frontier defence, must admit its grave responsibility in not controlling the tribesmen and, after a cease-fire, must guarantee that all tribesmen have left Kashmir. Pakistan can then police the mountain passes with regular troops. India will have to withdraw her troops from the towns and countryside, and merely occupy strategic points. For the period of the plebiscite, which should be organised by Uno officials with outside observers, Sheikh Abdullah would have to cease to be head of the Emergency Government. It might be possible, on the analogy of Lord Mountbatten's interim administration, to include both Sheikh Abdullah and Ibrahim, head of the Azar-Kashmir administration, in a temporary Government.

Shortly before I left Karachi, homeward bound, the latest issue of the passionate Pakistan paper *Dawn* was placed in my hands. It contained a leading article and cartoon attacking me in quite an amusing way as an ignoramus and partisan for India. The editor had not realised that my article was the first of a series and intended as a statement of the Indian case before I visited Pakistan. In fact my mood and views are not partisan on this issue. I am well aware of India's mistakes in Junagadh and elsewhere. But I am much perturbed by the bitterness of Pakistan sentiment, which is inflamed by the attitude of Uno and I know well that its effect may well be to inflame Indian sentiment to a similar pitch. The fact that India's case was badly presented at Lake Success, in that Zafrullah Khan made rings round the badly chosen Indian spokesmen, only makes India more sensitive and a solution more difficult. If fighting begins on a serious scale when the snow melts in the month of May, it may be too late to reach a settlement, and hopes of unity in India, and even of averting a disastrous war, which may well spread through the Middle East and beyond, will then be slight. I am not much interested in apportioning blame. I am very much interested in a settlement of a problem that never ought to have been allowed to develop.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

A LONDON DIARY

IF you are wise and lucky, you will go East from Poole by Sunderland flying boat. You will spend your first night in Sicily, and next day cross the Mediterranean and find yourself over the sandy desert of Egypt. You will see the Nile bordered by a green belt cut into the desert with its edges as crudely defined as if a child had moulded it in Plasticine. You will pass over the Pyramids and bow to the Sphinx and spend the evening in Cairo, avoiding the boredom of big European hotels and preferring the risk of getting surrounded in the bazaars by a host of child-beggars who will paw your clothes, chattering lies while they seek to steal your wallet. Next day you will fly over the Dead Sea and the Suez Canal, and become fascinated by the infinite variety of desert. You will see deserts that are brown, and yellow, and green, and red, and blue, and grey, and pink and purple; deserts that reveal, when you peer down, tiny black spots which are the tents of nomad Arabs; deserts that are grotesquely patterned with dry watercourses spread like vast branching tree trunks; mountain deserts rising from the shores of Persia and Baluchistan. You will pass over the strange peninsula of Oman, made of rock eight thousand feet high, with tiny patches of cultivated ground miraculously perched on the summit. You may see a plume of foam in the Persian Gulf and be told that you have witnessed the birth of an island, to be carefully charted by your pilot although he tells you it will probably have disappeared in a fortnight's time. You will spend an agreeable evening in Karachi, and be once again surprised the next day to find, as you fly over Sind, how large a part of the world is desert. You will leave the swarming misery of Calcutta and be surprised and delighted when, in Burma, you are greeted with smiling faces which betoken a gay attitude to life, which has survived British conquest, Japanese occupation and the devastation of war. You begin to wonder whether it is only the greater poverty and the far longer period of foreign domination which have rendered India so great a contrast. Then you may fly to Siam and, if you can, to Singapore or Hong-Kong and Tokio.

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If you are unwise you will return by a York aircraft from Karachi. You will not gain much by your haste. Instead of taking three or four days for the journey, sleeping at nights and absorbing new scenes by day, you will fly back in a series of long and almost continuous hops, sitting squarely in an immovable seat with none of the freedom of movement you have in a flying boat, with nowhere to lie down, and with meals served uncomfortably and indigestibly in the middle of the night. You may arrive in London somewhat exhausted in a mere twenty-eight hours by the clock, although your watch, unless you have adjusted it *en route*, will be five and a half hours fast. After dark you will desire to lose yourself in a book which you are not in danger of finishing too soon. Personally I took the advice of the Bishop who surprised the drawing-room by announcing that, if he feared a restless night, he always sought solace in the companionship of a Trollope.

* * *

Crocuses were in flower in the Embankment Gardens, and lumps of dirty snow were lying about; otherwise England looked much the same after my two months' absence. Almost everyone was saddened and frightened by seeing Czechoslovakia, the first case of a middle-class democracy with a way of life very like our own, completely taken over by the Communists. Other eastern European States had passed, like Russia herself, directly from a feudal or agrarian economy to Communism, and in the Far East it has long been clear that the best chance for China lies in the Communists, with their policy of liberating the peasant from age-long extortion. Similarly in India, in the long run, I see no way out of the Communal struggle except the discovery by the peasants, Muslims and Hindus alike, of their common economic interest. Further, it has been obvious for thirty years that we are living through a revolution which must either end in some form of international Socialism or in general chaos, perhaps in scientifically devised race suicide. Does it follow, then, that one must support the present Moscow policy? The Party member finds it easy, and uses whatever propaganda handout serves to justify each Kremlin move. But if you have seriously to explain to the public what Communist policy means in a Western country whose population is mainly middle-class in its outlook, you will have to say something like this: "Because Moscow believes in the inevitable conflict between herself and the capitalist West, every constructive proposal which might ease your burdens must be opposed because it will strengthen Western capitalism. In particular, you must prevent any Marshall aid, even if this means, as it certainly does, attacking the standard of living of the workers and, in the case of England, advocating starvation. The result of this policy will be, if you are successful, a victory for Moscow in Europe. In the inevitable war you will be occupied by America and liberated by Russia, or perhaps occupied by Russia and liberated by the United States. If you go through all the agonies of atom war, starvation and revolution, you may be one of the rare survivors, in which case you will be liquidated if your brand of Socialism differs in any respect from that of Moscow." I find it impossible seriously to put forward this Moscow policy as the right programme for British people.

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Barrington-Ward's short period of editorship of *The Times* was more important than the longer reign of his predecessor. His remarkable humility deceived people; he was both a liberal and a realist, and capable, as he showed particularly in the case of the occupation of Greece, of really remarkable courage. There was a period when this journal and *The Times* stood almost alone on the Greek issue, and the Tories hissed in the House of Commons when *The Times* was mentioned. They began to wonder whether the traditional bulwark of British conventionality had betrayed them. The attitude of *The Times* under Barrington-Ward had for some time made them uneasy. *The Times*—in the days of Delane, for instance—has often been independent and outspoken; occasionally it has been liberal and reformist; but never until our day has it contained fundamental thinking. It was indeed disturbing to conventional minds to find in *The Times* careful discussion of Britain's new position in the post-war world, of the significance of the emergence of Russia, and an effort to look at the whole international scene from the angle of geopolitics and not exclusively from the standpoint of Whitehall and the City. I have several times been at gatherings where people more or less distinguished were laughing and drinking and chatting, none of them noticing or recognising the unobtrusive entrance of the editor of *The Times* who, it has been said, is often one of the four most influential persons in England.

* * *

There are probably many readers of this journal who knew Geoffrey Pyke. I first met him when I was a young graduate in Cambridge. He was an unusual character, full of ideas, many of them impracticable, a few brilliant, and all eccentric. As a "planner" he had an extraordinary persistence. I recall how before the war he decided to launch a newspaper campaign to get financial support for a public project. He came to see me with a portfolio packed with letters from distinguished people promising to support him on specified dates in specified journals. The whole thing was worked out like a military campaign. As far as I know, nothing of any sort came of it. He was more successful during the Spanish Civil War, when he actually succeeded in getting arms made for the Spanish Government by voluntary labour in obscure garages. During the war, his fecundity in invention found scope among the body of scientists

who worked on Combined Operations under Lord Mountbatten. Some readers will recall the letters that he wrote in *The Times* and this journal outlining a scheme by which the Germans might atone for the loss of electric plant by the use of the muscle power of human beings on centipede bicycles. It was the sort of thing that sounded quite absurd, but I believe that if the urgent atmosphere of the war had remained in the post-war chaos, something useful would have come out of even that fantastic scheme. Perhaps his most useful activity was to found and maintain the Malting House School at Cambridge, under the direction of Dr. Susan Isaacs. It was a most unusual experiment in modern education. CRITIC

HOW IT STRIKES A CONTEMPORARY

CAUGHT in the whirl and the wind of an era atomic,
Threatened by stormclouds of war and collapse economic,
Warned of the symptoms preceding the end cataclysmal,
This whole generation perceives that the outlook is dismal.

Yet though we see by the signs our position is perilous,
It's not that which makes us despairing, defeatist or querulous.
Acquainted with war at its worst, we are thoroughly seasoned,
No prophets of doom can stampede us to panic unreasoned.

Our civilisation, while neither impressive nor brilliant,
Emerges from warfare's arbitrament strangely resilient,
And though our existence is certainly far from agreeable,
Its doomsday is not yet in sight, and not even foreseeable.

The word wars, the nerve wars, the wars of ideas, and the cold wars
Have always preluded the new wars, not unlike the old wars,
And while global chaos confuses, forewarns and forearms us,
It is not the threat of extinction that really alarms us.

It's not that the war, if it breaks, with one flash meteoric,
Will wipe out all works of mankind, end our era historic,
It's not that the war, if it comes, our whole planet will smother,
But that life is just one damned Armageddon after another. SAGITTARIUS

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Better health is claimed by Mr. —, of Ribbleton, Lancs, as a result of taking a wineglassful of —'s compost activator after meals.—*The Grower.* (G. Macfarlane.)

The statement by the Minister of Agriculture that milk supplies will not meet demand for several years prompts one to ask whether the cow is the best medium for supplying this demand. —Letter in *The Observer.* (L. F. Ménage.)

Section 138, Para. (8), line 4. *Delete* "bastard" and *substitute* "illegitimate".—*Amendment to Air Force Act.* (Donald Law.)

Through a scarcity of eels, lengths of rubber piping were used to imitate jellied eels at a dinner of Brighton anglers.—*Reynolds.* (Mrs. G. Mohr.)

Even the talk on wild flowers was, according to the B.B.C., given for the serious purpose of comparing flowers in this country with flowers grown under the sign of hammer and sickle.—*Daily Telegraph.* (Miss Barbara K. Fowles.)

REPORT FROM PARIS—I

LAST week's cold snap from Siberia seemed a symbolic visitation. The shadow of Prague lay darkly over the bright snow of the Place de la Concorde and crept warningly up the steps of the *Assemblée Générale*. One has only to watch the headlines in a press normally too exclusively devoted to domestic affairs to gauge how oppressively the Gottwald *coup* is preoccupying French attention. Partly it is an affair of conscience: minds go back unhappily to Munich. But, even more, people are asking one another: What next? Where next? *Figaro* came out the other day with two maps of Europe side by side—one showing Hitler's silent conquests between '33 and '39; the other, Stalin's since the annexation of the Baltic States. The comparison, though unobjective, was not calculated to allay alarm. The fear widely voiced is that Italy, where elections are due in April, will come next on the time-table. Very possibly these apprehensions are unreasonable, but they are not lessened in French thoughts by the generally accepted ineffectiveness of Western counter-action and especially of the Three Power protest. "We can but condemn . . ." Is that really all? Russia, the Frenchman observes, is proceeding with the political and economic integration of Eastern Europe with a too plainly more effective technique; it is high time Mr. Bevin got together more positively with M. Bidault.

It is too early as yet to gauge the precise influence of these events on internal French politics, but it can hardly fail to be considerable. Perhaps, if the Russian approach really crept much closer, so that Frenchmen could almost catch the clank of caterpillar-wheels on the breeze when the wind blew from the East, one might expect a sudden rush of recruits to the Communists, climbing on the band-waggon, late but still in time. But for the present, at all events, the effect is likely to be quite the opposite—a decline in the Communist following. There is no hint of hysteria in the French reaction, only a measured questioning; and I do not think there is any great reason to suppose that the Prague affair will at the moment much strengthen de Gaulle either. The mood of France to-day, though troubled, is definitely *attentiste*—a little fearful of the call to arms of both extremes. The last Gaullist rally at the Vélodrome d'Hiver was not a pronounced success; and it will be interesting to see what happens, and what the General decides to say, at Compiègne on Sunday. For the moment there remains a disposition among many people to see whether the Third Force can struggle through: not so much out of confidence in the combination (of that there seems notably little), but rather out of apprehension of the alternative.

The French to-day do not, any more than the Spaniards, want civil war; they do not even want trouble, strikes and sabotage, although there are people on both extremes who would undoubtedly welcome violence. This attitude gives the present Government a certain negative poise. But what alone could save it would be success in solving the economic problem—in particular, of course, spiralling prices and the maldistribution of food—and for this reason the next few weeks may well prove decisive. A test case is the black market in meat. The farmers snap their fingers at a Government which they believe cannot do as it threatens, and defeat them with bulk imports, because of lack of dollars. This general situation recalls a pretty (non-political) story which is just now current in Paris. In the railway station stood a train, the station-master and a little dog. The station-master blew his whistle and the train departed. Said the little dog, "*Quelle manque d'autorité.*"

The most obvious defect of the Third Force is that it is not a force. The ineffectiveness of Parliament, and the lack of public interest in what goes on there, certainly do not strengthen the prospects of French democracy, of which this administration may be the last defender. Some well-informed British observers here incline to the view that this Goverment may last indefinitely and may even gain adherents from Left and Right; and I have found Frenchmen who believe that, if it can survive until the arrival of Marshall aid and the beginnings of what at present promises to be a bumper harvest, it may well see out the year and beyond. I should not myself care to be so optimistic. One cannot reckon without the powerful outside pressures at work and the fact that in such a world not even a nation of the importance of France is wholly master of its own destiny. But it may be worth noting, in passing, that the same Gaullists who last autumn prophesied their advent to power this February have now postponed the date for another two or three months.

At local by-elections the numbers of abstentions are remarkable—at Versailles, the other day, fifty per cent. Here is a huge floating vote which might easily swing to de Gaulle; perhaps the significant point to remark is that at the moment it has not done so (though another is the want of interest it betrays in the value of the vote at all). Nobody, I should estimate, wants a General Election just now. Certainly not the Socialists or the M.R.P., for they know it would mean a large diminution in their numbers. When the time comes, quite a lot of Socialists and M.R.P. will go with de Gaulle, whose contacts with both are numerous and influential. The Communists would also be unwise, just after the events in Prague, to seek a dissolution—although they, like the Gaullists (though for a rather different reason), look forward to the elimination of the Third Force and a sharp choice for the nation between Communism and reaction.

As for the Gaullists themselves, though some of their leaders profess an ardent desire for an immediate electoral test, there are those here also who more prudently court delay. One of the reasons for this is—electoral reform. The General estimates that his chances of a sweeping majority would greatly increase if the present electoral system were to be discarded in favour of the British system of a simple majority. On this account some well-informed observers believe that the present Government of "middle forces" will not be the last that France will see, that it will be succeeded by yet one more combination, this time either with direct Gaullist participation or with that of Gaullist stooges, the price of whose agreement to serve would be electoral reform to be followed by elections in, say, six months. It is for this reason that the General's speech next Sunday may be revealing. If he repeats his strong attack on "parties," then this opportunist approach to power by the side-door must presumably be ruled out.

Nor, surely, does the turn-out in local elections suggest that the nation itself is enthusiastic for a show-down. The same fear which makes all but a minority hate the Communists also helps to keep out de Gaulle—dread of "personal power." So the Third Force stays, for the moment, negatively where it is—a kind of front-line defence against Communism which has the advantage of being democratically respectable. In a sense it may even be true that it has remained where it is, for as long as it has, only by reason of the knowledge that behind it stands the second line, ready to pour its troops into the gap.

The French resistance to *dirigisme*, though inherent in their character, is resistance to the inevitable, for in the contemporary economic pattern of the world it is compulsory, and Frenchmen will get their dose of it whoever is in office. But something much more profound than this is troubling the mind and heart of France. In France to-day the world is witnessing what may turn out to be the decisive battle in Western Europe's twenty-five-year war against the idea of single-party government and all it includes and implies. This is the twentieth-century's crisis of conscience—a war of religion if you like—which de Gaulle himself once called "the crisis of civilisation," though he included himself, of course, on the side of—at the head of—the angels. De Gaulle would no doubt agree with Robespierre: "*Je ne connais que deux partis, celui des bons et celui des mauvais citoyens.*" Gaullism, though it stands against

Communism, will probably be forced, whether it wants to or not, to fight with the weapons of Communism, casting out devils in the name of Beelzebub. And so, when the Third Force goes, Western Europe will have lost that decisive battle. But while this would deliver a body blow to parliamentary democracy, it would not be the final struggle. That would remain to be fought out between rival authoritarianisms, and it would not be fought out in France alone, nor only with words. GERALD BARRY

THE HORN OF AFRICA

(From a Correspondent)

THE Four-Power Commission which was appointed to make recommendations regarding the future administration of the ex-Italian Colonies has recently been visiting Somalia (Italian Somaliland). It is imperative that its members should take a broad view of their responsibilities and give serious consideration to the proposal for a unification of the whole of the "Horn of Africa" under one administration. Lamentable as they were, the recent demonstrations and riots in Mogadishu, in which more than fifty Italians were killed, have shown that the younger generation of Somalis will not be content with a return to the unhappy conditions of their country before the war.

The "Horn of Africa" is that part of North-Eastern Africa, partitioned between France, Great Britain and Italy, which is inhabited by the Somali peoples. On ethnological and economic grounds it must be taken to include the province south of British Somaliland known as the Ogaden, which also is inhabited entirely by Somalis. Prior to 1935, this area was part of Ethiopia. After 1935, the Italians sensibly included it in their governate of Somalia. Since 1941, the British Government has expressly recognised the sovereignty of the Emperor of Ethiopia in the Ogaden, but, by Treaty, has administered it under British Military Administration as part of Somalia. The partitioning of the Somalis' country is purely artificial, the internal boundaries consisting for the most part of straight lines on the map, cutting across tribal areas, and following no natural features. Somali tribes also stretch down into the North-Eastern corner of Kenya.

The Somalilands are poor in natural resources. Except for narrow strips along the lower reaches of the Webi Shebelli and Juba rivers, a very large proportion of the country consists of arid thorn-scrub fit only for the grazing of camels and sheep. So far as is yet known, there are few minerals. Before the Second World War, only the Italians made any serious attempt to develop and improve the country, and then only as an outlet for European settlement. The British were content to follow in its extreme form the policy which they applied in varying degrees to most of their colonies, namely, that if the colony itself was unable from its own resources to support social services and a higher economy, then it and its inhabitants must remain poor and backward.

Neither the Italians nor the British made any attempt to introduce any form of education for the indigenous Somali inhabitants—the Italians as a deliberate act of policy; the British from apathy. The Second World War, however, brought to the Somalis a sudden realisation of their backwardness. Their country was overrun and garrisoned by Bantu African troops from East and Central Africa, whom the Somalis, of Hamitic origin, regard as an inferior race. Many of the Africans, however, were literate, could drive and repair vehicles, operate telecommunications, and knew in their own territories a degree of economic stability, albeit on a low level, which was lacking in the Somalilands. Contact during the war with "inferior" but materially more advanced Africans undoubtedly helped to provoke a feeling of resentment among the younger Somalis, and has resulted in a widespread and insistent demand for education. To the credit of the present Military Administrations, a good beginning has now been made in the establishment of schools and the training of teachers.

In his book *The Mad Mullah of Somaliland*, Douglas Jardine referred to the Somali as the "Irishman of Africa." He was describing his characteristics. He would have done well to carry the comparison further. The "Horn of Africa" may itself be compared with Ireland in which British Somaliland is the Ulster, fostered by the sovereign power. The arbitrary partitioning of the country under separate European powers has hitherto militated against the rise of any national feeling, and loose administration, combined with a pastoral economy, has perpetuated rather than lessened fierce inter-tribal animosities. The war, however, did more than instil a keen desire among the younger men for educational progress; it awakened latent feelings of nationalism. These have found concrete expression during the past two years in the rapid rise of the "Somali Youth League" in Somalia, and the "Somali National Society" in British Somaliland. The aims of these two political associations are similar. At first, they laid more stress upon the social unity of Somalis, a reduction in, or the total abolition of, the power of corrupt tribal leaders, and a breakdown of the rigid tribal system with its wasteful feuds. Latterly, they have moved more and more towards the idea of the territorial unity of all the Somali peoples. It can only be a matter of time before the two associations join forces, pledged to the common aim of one Somaliland with the ultimate goal of self-government.

The British Government has already recognised the merit of the proposal for a Greater Somaliland. Mr. Bevin tentatively put it forward at the Conference of Foreign Ministers in Paris in 1945. At that time it was opposed both by the United States and Russia, who appear to have suspected further British imperialist designs. The proposal was withdrawn, and the Foreign Office were sufficiently frightened by the opposition which it then aroused not to have reasserted the courage of their convictions. Unfortunately, those convictions were not untainted. In putting forward their proposal, the British appear to have hinted that the Administration of a Greater Somaliland should be entrusted to Britain. In this they were undoubtedly influenced not only by the treaties with tribes under British protection, but also by a long-standing grievance of one of those tribes. The artificial boundaries of the British segment of the Somalilands cut across the traditional grazing grounds of the Isaak tribe, and it has been necessary for the Government to enter into agreements with whichever Power has controlled the Ogaden, in order to enable the Isaak to graze their herds at certain times of the year outside the boundaries of the territory. For years the British Somaliland Government have wished to extend their boundaries in order to bring the whole of the grazing areas of their tribes under their own administration.

But it is not only on the British Somaliland border that boundaries cut across traditional grazing areas. It was a similar boundary between Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia which enabled Mussolini to trump up the Wal-Wal incident in 1935. The artificial boundaries between Italian Somaliland and Kenya, too, divide several tribes. Both, therefore, from the administrative point of view and from that of the legitimate national aspirations of the Somali peoples, the indispensable preliminary to any sensible solution of the future of the "Horn of Africa" is its unification under one administration. It is not by any means essential that the latter should be British.

What has been the British Government's recent attitude in the matter? Instead of standing by their earlier convictions and seeking a long-term solution of Somali problems, they entered into less creditable bilateral negotiations with the Emperor of Ethiopia in an endeavour to achieve a rectification of British Somaliland's southern boundary in return for a corridor from Ethiopia through to the sea in the neighbourhood of Zeilah, and for Britain's support to the Emperor's claims for the incorporation of Eritrea into Ethiopia. These negotiations came to an abrupt end last year when the Emperor granted a concession to an American company to prospect for oil in the Ogaden. Britain has thus failed so far to make any progress towards achieving either an overall solution which would be acceptable to an important section of Somali opinion or the limited objective of satisfying her immediate interests. She should again take the initiative in pursuit of the former.

There are, of course, difficulties to be overcome. A Greater Somaliland which excluded the Ogaden is out of the question. Some arrangement must therefore be reached with Ethiopia and, if indeed there is oil in the Ogaden, this may involve substantial compensation. There is, too, the question of Britain's treaty obligations to the tribes under her protection. None of these difficulties, however, is insuperable. The fundamental problem of the Somalilands is economic. Owing to the poverty of their country many Somalis regard Kenya as their Eldorado. But the era of large-scale migrations of population in Africa is over. Kenya already has sufficient racial problems on her hands without adding another. The Somalilands themselves must be developed into a country fit for Somalis to live in.

The younger generation are thinking of ultimate self-government. But they will require many years of large-scale assistance in establishing the economic basis on which self-government can alone have any meaning. Regeneration of the pastures; development of the areas suitable for agricultural settlement; a detailed survey of the mineral resources; the fostering of local industries—these are some of the urgent requirements. They call for capital expenditure, technical skill and, above all, detailed overall planning. This can be adequately provided only under a single administration.

CARRYING THE CHILDREN

THE Education Act lays on a parent the duty of seeing that his children receive an education suited to their age, ability and aptitude. At the same time, the duty is laid on the local authority of seeing that the children are conveyed to school, if the nearest one is beyond reasonable walking distance. For this purpose, the Act considers it reasonable that a child under eight years should walk up to two miles, and a child over eight years up to three miles. To a city dweller this requirement does not seem onerous, for round the corner is the 'bus, tram, or train, and a penny fare is no hardship. But in the country there is often no public service, and many little children may be seen daily doing their reasonable walk to school. It is, in fact, considered wise to select a home either next door to the village school, or at a distance exceeding two miles. In either case a comfortable means of getting to school exists, but it is clear that such a choice is not a reality for most parents. A surprising number live at a distance of one and three-quarter miles from the school, and loud objurgations are hurled at the over-two-milers as they whizz past in a taxi provided at the public expense; nor do the occupants fail to display varied and expressive signs of derision. In its harshest form the discriminatory regulation is in operation. Another chasm appears to seam the surface of our society, already criss-crossed by so many dividing lines between haves and have-nots.

An Englishman may suffer a severe law in silence, but not so a law which deprives him of an advantage accorded to his neighbour. Of two schoolchildren waiting at the same 'bus-stop one may have his fare refunded because his home is more than two miles from school, the other, living not far away, has to pay. It is very hard to see any natural justice in such an arrangement! And there are even sillier situations. In

village A live a number of junior and senior children. The juniors attend a primary school in village B, one and a half miles away, and must walk. The seniors attend a secondary school in town C, five miles away and beyond B: they catch a public service bus from B to C. But since they are entitled to have free transport laid on for them over the whole five miles, there is a special-hire taxi for them from A to B. Accordingly in the early morning a number of big boys and girls climb on to their special taxi in A to cover exactly the same route as their young brothers and sisters are tackling on foot. Or, equally anomalous, there is the contrast between the youngster who battles his way on foot over rough moorland where the rain is always horizontal, and his neighbour living in the valley and bowling along two and a quarter miles of well paved road sheltered by banks from the wind and by trees from the rain.

These things touch the heart. But there are headaches for the administrator as well. They are caused by the play of warm human feelings on the cold blindness of regulations. The taxi carrying a number of the privileged passes a group of the unqualified with the usual interchange of salutations: it is a stormy day, and the walkers' parents write angry letters to the Education Office. Officials investigate, find out the facts, refer to the regulations. Meanwhile the taxi-driver, who has plenty of room to spare and is a kindly man, has begun to pick up the unfortunates, to the satisfaction of parents and the relief of the Education Office, where nothing is known officially of this transgression but where rumours can penetrate as easily as anywhere else. Peace reigns, until another group of qualified children reach school age and apply for transport. The Office gains approval from the Committee and refers the parents to the existing taxi where officially there is still room. But by now the taxi has become "our taxi" for all who use it: tempers grow strained as the necessity for expelling the interlopers is made clear. Actually it never is made clear. Perhaps most disgruntled of all are those adults who have found the taxi a convenient way of slipping into the market town to do a bit of shopping!

Is this transport problem a big one? In terms of money, it is: hire prices are quoted uniformly high at one shilling a mile for taxis and two shillings for buses. So whereas the child who can make use of public transport costs the Authority, perhaps, sixpence a day, the comparative cost for private-hire buses may be one shilling, and for taxis may be one shilling and sixpence per child. In a country area known to me, of about two hundred square miles, the daily cost of transporting children to and from school is about £60 or six shillings' worth of transport per square mile. Those who are interested can work out a figure for all of rural Britain. There is no doubt that transport proprietors are on a good thing, and these high prices are bound to prevail until the shortage of vehicles is overcome. It would probably pay an Authority to have a fleet of its own solely for the purpose, or perhaps some alleviation may come from the gigantic fleet which the nation is soon to possess! Meanwhile it is increasingly difficult to find transport for the odd child who keeps popping up in lonely districts. And this brings me to my most sorrowful story.

High on a lonely moor stands a farmhouse: the village school is three miles away, down in the valley. The farmer's son is a boy of six years. The path leads through wind-bitten fields, then a stony cart-track descends to a winding, muddy lane. With tears in their eyes, the officials accept a parent's claim for free transport, and invite estimates from the only two taximen in the valley. Both decline the job. One can see their point of view: since the beginning of the petrol age only caterpillar tractors have climbed on to this shelf of England. I am glad to say, however, that darkness does not pervade the whole of this story. Snow comes. How terrible? Not a bit of it; young Billy's problem is solved. He goes on his sledge.

HARRY BROADBENT.

The Arts and Entertainment

RADIO NOTES

To discuss individual talks in a column of this kind is, as a general rule, unnecessary; one might just as well review the week's output of articles in the press. Thus, knowing something of the quality of Mr. Brailsford's mind, one knew beforehand that he would be both moving and rewarding on the subject of Keir Hardie. It was a pleasure to hear his voice; but, allowance having been made for the sense of intimacy that the voice confers, he would have been no less moving and rewarding on the printed page. In putting such speakers on the air the B.B.C. is merely fulfilling one of its functions, one that is taken for granted in a newspaper, certainly in a weekly newspaper. But kinds of talks, and trends in talks, can profitably be discussed, and I'm the more conscious of this because during the past fortnight my mind has kept going back to a talk in the Third Programme in which Dr. Bronowski reviewed some scientific books of 1947. He was witty, lucid and eloquent; but many talks possess these attributes; what made this one memorable was that it raised as sharply as possible the B.B.C.'s attitude to science and the projection of scientific knowledge. It was in effect a warmly argued and well-illustrated plea for the recognition of science as a part of general culture, and I am following Dr. Bronowski in taking it as axiomatic that no man may consider himself educated who has not at least a nodding acquaintance with scientific method and the history of science. That said, it seems necessary to admit that the majority of people of literary education (from whom the men and women who plan B.B.C. programmes are largely drawn) has neither. To give us some inkling, then, of what science means and to keep us in touch with what it is doing should be one of the B.B.C.'s most urgent tasks.

How, in fact, does it carry it out? When it has its audience taped, admirably. But it has its audience taped only for schools broadcasts, and there the result is the excellent series of talks, "How Animals Behave," by Professor Pantin. Outside schools broadcasts its success varies enormously. In natural history it does very well indeed; there are those admirable programmes "The Naturalist" and the James Fisher-Stephen Potter collaborations on birds. Natural history apart, it does little more than gingerly touch the skirts of the problem, though Dr. Grey Walter's entertaining and Erewhon-like talk last week on the brain and computing machines from West Region—surely the liveliest and most enterprising of the regions—was an example of what can be done at a popular level. There have, of course, been attempts to put over science in the past: there was the plucky "Science Magazine" of three or four years ago; and to-day there are notably "Science Survey" and Mrs. Nesta Pain's features, which are always good entertainment but which too often carry with them a slight but persistent aura of technicolor One is aware of the B.B.C.'s overriding difficulty: the number of scientists who can express themselves at a comparatively simple level at once accurately, gracefully and vividly is very small; a man like Dr. Bronowski, who is at the same time a scientist, poet and literary critic, is the rarest of rare birds. All the same, listening to his talk I felt much more could be done. Two of the papers he reviewed, Dr. Broom's on researches into fossil ape-men and Professor Thomson's *The Trend of National Intelligence*, sounded as he described them most suitable for adaptation as features. And one day, perhaps, when it has exhausted the possibilities offered by the Victorians, the Third Programme will break us gently into the history of science.

It must have been impossible for anyone with a sense of occasion not to have been stirred by the production of extracts from "The Booke of Sir Thomas More," no less than the first public performance of a Shakespearean fragment. The play was written by as many hands as are needed nowadays to concoct a really bad film. What fascinated was the contrast of style. Shakespeare's collaborators in this venture were not the most distinguished of his contemporaries, but it was with some relief that one recognised how immeasurably superior his contribution was to Munday's. Mr. Bryson's was a model introduction, brief and yet packed with information. The cast gave the performance everything it had got. One liked especially Miss Ella Milne's vigorous Doll Williamson; though Sir Lewis Casson's More sounded almost too good to be true.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Le Corbeau," at the Rialto
"Unconquered," at the Carlton

Le Corbeau reaches London at last with a two-edged reputation. Politically, it has been damned: Henri-Georges Clouzot made this film with the Nazi consent, and that was enough for a certain kind of denouncer, who was equally outraged by the blond polls of *L'Eternel Retour*. But cries of "collaborator!" have died down in France lately, as will also, I suspect, the popularity of "Fascist beast!" with the new regimentarians of Prague. So we are allowed—six years late as usual—to judge for ourselves this once shocking revelation.

That is label number one. Number two comes from the aesthetic enthusiast. Partly no doubt in reaction from political diatribe, we had been assured here and there that of all films made in France during the war *Le Corbeau* was far the best. To give the highest praise to something no one can possibly see is one of the rare pleasures of film criticism, satisfying as it does, in a critic, the instincts both of the snob and the crusader. It stokes a fire also in filmgoers who have not yet given up hope. But then one day the ban is removed, the inaccessible becomes handy, the prodigy advances before our eyes, and alas for dreams and expectations! *Le Corbeau*, in fact, isn't quite as good as one may have hoped.

A grim subject, grimly and at times beautifully treated: the appearance in a small provincial town of a "poison pen." Before the first anonymous letter arrives we have been initiated into an atmosphere of frayed nerves and wagging tongues. A doctor comes out of a peasant's cottage to wash his hands in a bucket and to impart abruptly that, while he has saved the mother, the child is dead. The old women watch him drive off: not the *first* time it has happened with this young doctor, etc. His colleagues begin to remark on it too. He flings out a threat of resigning and stamps back to his apartment with the school playground under the window; and he can't, incidentally, abide children. Soon, from the tiniest evidence, an anonymous letter-writer signing him- or herself with the device of the Crow has started the whole town smouldering with malice. Husbands are warned against wives, family skeletons rattle in cupboards, teeth are set on edge, the past resurrects, and in post-office or billiards saloon a group of persons is sure to be found debating the latest of these atrocious missives. So often, and irresistibly, has the French film imparted to us the delights of gossip, as wayward as breezes on a summer day: here is the hideous opposite, a motion no less communicable on the screen, and *Le Corbeau* acidly achieves it.

With the suicide of a man in hospital, the black procession joggling through the streets, and yet another of the crow's letters fluttering down in the church itself, the film reaches a climax of terror and grandeur. A woman is chased through the streets by a lynching mob. These sequences, coming as they do at the moment of greatest intensity, are to the eye memorable indeed. But the "case" is not yet solved. Many complexities of character remain to be unravelled, many turns of suspicion rehearsed. And here, I think, a fatal ingenuity—the sort of ingenuity that belongs to a Christie murder or a Hammett trail—takes over. One after another the principals, from a peeping overgrown schoolgirl to Caesar's wife and Caesar himself, seem to be inescapably guilty, till the very last moment reveals a last twist of the plot. It is effectively if melodramatically managed, but the descent to the detective level registers itself in a certain grooved excitement. We may not, for example, particularly wish to see *Le Corbeau* again; and that, considering the brilliant and harsh achievement of its earlier half, is a great pity. Clouzot's

direction is remarkable, though since (*Quai des Orfèvres*) he has learnt to pack his screen more disturbingly; and from an excellent cast we remember especially the performances of Pierre Fresnay, Pierre Larquer, and Ginette Leclerc.

Not with a whimper but a bang: so Mr. Cecil B. de Mille's *Unconquered* sounds, for us and for the time being, an end to Hollywood. But how long the banging goes on! And how the heroine, Miss Paulette Goddard, has to endure every peril that ever came the way of heroine, from being sold by auction and boiled by Indians to shooting Niagaras in the arms of Mr. Gary Cooper! What brutal Injuns and valiant sodjers! And Mr. Karloff, such a chieftain, with such tresses! All in Technicolor! Hysterically vouched for! Red-coats! Foam-baths! Flaming catapults! Blood! Dollars! . . . Goodbye to you all, goodbye . . . WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THE THEATRE

"Castle Anna," at the Lyric, Hammersmith
"The Gorbals Story," at the Garrick

The joint authors of *Castle Anna* will be weary by now of being whacked over the head with Ibsen's bladder; and, since one of them is Miss Elizabeth Bowen and the other a playwright, Mr. John Perry, they can be presumed to have heard of the Norwegian without the critics jogging their elbows and to have rejected his practice not by accident but by design. Yet it remains hard to see what they hoped to gain by doing so and it is certain that their first act, which takes place 21 years before the other two, is a total loss. It merely gives us plot information which would surely have been much more effective if it were ravelled out of a greatly thickened texture as we went along with the main story. As it is, we lose space and time on an act which never catches fire and have no room in the second two acts to get very much more than the bare outlines of a story. It is a strong, stagey story. The struggle is between a malign spinster (Pauline Letts) covetous for the Irish castle where she was born and brought up, and her widowed sister-in-law (Hazel Terry), a decorative "foreigner" whose son (Philip Guard) the spinster plots to estrange from his mother; by keeping him in her power, she hopes fix her talons on possession of the castle. To help her there is a lover from across the fields, for the sister-in-law a quite unenforceable will and some faked accounts. There is no objection itself to a stagey story—what else should a story on the stage be? But the authors leave themselves no space for dressing the dummy in their particular clothes. For that is what one really hoped for—that the characters, the scenes and the story should be bathed in the idiosyncratic Elizabeth Bowen light; and that is just what is missing. The comic relief so excellently provided by Arthur Sinclair and Miss Moya Nugent cannot make up for what is lost; nor the striking beauty of Miss Terry, the skilful acting of Mr. Richard Leech and Mr. Philip Guard, nor the admirable maid servant of Miss Mona Harrison.

If the bones of the plot stick out too prominently in *Castle Anna*, in *The Gorbals Story* they are simply not to be found. The Glasgow Unity are presumably, like their London brother, free from the shackles with which commercialism is supposed to load our theatre. What a pity they have had to clap on themselves handcuffs of their own making—the elsewhere happily outmoded convention of Socialist Realism. This depressing school of writing gave us many drab pages before the war. Let us pray that the infection won't at this late date invade the theatre. For the extreme Left anything else would, one supposes, count as heresy. The Gorbals is a Glasgow slum tenement and *The Gorbals Story* takes one wall off a kitchen in this slum, a kitchen shared by a large number of assorted lodgers. They come in, they talk, they go out, doubtless very much as they do in the real Gorbals. Various things happen ("birth, copulation and death" off-stage). But the characters don't *do* anything. This, I think, is what makes Socialist Realism so appallingly dull. It tells what happens to people instead of telling us what they do. On the stage, anyhow, action is only interesting when it either produces interesting consequences or is the culmination of interesting motives. T. C. WORSLEY

Correspondence

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

SIR,—The editorial paragraph in your issue of February 28th on the Czech Crisis is surely a masterpiece of restraint. A genuine and, on the whole, progressive and enlightened democracy disrupted from within by the carefully planned treachery of the Communist Ministers, a totalitarian régime established, all liberty suppressed, newspapers, schools, university *gleichgeschaltet*, a portrait of Stalin obligatory in every school (*Heil Hitler!*), schoolchildren enjoined to inform on teachers insufficiently "democratic," and all this done, if not at the instigation, at least with the active blessing of a foreign Power—if these things had occurred anywhere on an impulse from the other side you would certainly have protested in columns of righteous indignation, discerning everywhere the hidden hand of Mr. Bevin and the malign influence of American Big Business. But because the revolution came from the Left you deliberately play down the whole sorry business, with hardly a word even suggesting condemnation but confining yourself to a mere factual account.

Surely bad faith, tyranny, and the suppression of all liberty are equally bad, whether they come from the Right or the Left. Indeed, I should have thought them more to be deplored when they are from the Left, for we Socialists have shown in the struggle for freedom and justice an enthusiasm not common in the parties of the Right. It is not long since you were condemning the French Socialists for their refusal to co-operate with the Communists; recent events show how wise they were. And now the screw is being applied to Finland. It is now time for even THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to look objectively at the situation and frankly to acknowledge the obvious facts: (1) that any Socialist or Socialist party co-operating with Communists is certain in the end to be swallowed or "liquidated" by them; (2) that Russia has now replaced Nazi Germany as the chief enemy to peace, international co-operation, human liberty, and the ordinary decencies of civilized life; (3) that she is pursuing her ends by the same methods and with the same utter absence of scruple as Hitler; and (4) that, unless the Western democracies unite to confront her with a Bloc too strong to be resisted, they will be faced, as in 1939, with the choice between the suppression of all liberty and all the standards hitherto forming the basis of European civilization, or a war which will certainly be even more formidable and more destructive than the last. H. I. BELL

SIR,—Recent political developments in Czechoslovakia, declared *The Times* on February 23rd, "must be seen against the background of the last three years." Unfortunately, almost the whole of the British press has neglected to observe that excellent precept in commenting on those developments. As a result, the British public has been given a completely distorted impression. It has been led to believe that Czechoslovak democracy has been, if not actually destroyed, yet at least set well on the road to destruction by the Communists, whereas, in fact, it has been rescued by the Communists from a crisis provoked by their political opponents.

In the immediate aftermath of the liberation, when the factories were in the hands of the workers, and the administration in the hands of National Committees in which Communist or other Left-wing elements held the initiative, and when the Soviet Army was in occupation of almost the whole of the Republic, it would have been comparatively easy for the Czechoslovak Communists to have established a "dictatorship of the proletariat."

For reasons of internal and international politics, however, the Czechoslovak Communists resisted the temptation despite considerable pressure from the rank-and-file of their own party and of the Social Democrat Party. They adhered to the compromise policy upon which agreement had been reached some months earlier between them and the other participants in the National Front, including the non-Socialist parties, as set forth broadly in the Kosice Programme. The consent of the workers to this policy was secured only because the Kosice Programme was expressly one of constitutional revolution, definitely promising them "Socialism in our time."

By October, 1945, all-party agreement had been reached on the final drafts of the Decrees implementing the Programme. These were endorsed by President Benes, who declared that they meant the "socialisation" of the Czechoslovak Republic, as part of its new "People's Democracy." It was in this sense that the Decrees were presented to the Czechoslovak people. It was in this sense that they were enthusiastically received by the overwhelming majority.

Yet it was on the issue of the implementation of that "People's Programme" that the recent crisis arose. The Ministers of the non-Socialist parties of the National Front resigned because, when it came to the point of introducing "Socialism in our time," as promised, they refused to go forward. For the specific issue on which they professed, in the name of democracy, to base their dissent—that of the transformation of the Police Forces by the Communist Minister of the Interior, Mr. Nosek—is inseparable from the major issue. The transition of a State from capitalism to Socialism, by whatever method, involves radical change in the character, and probably in the personnel, of the custodians of public order; and, so far as Czechoslovakia is concerned, any possible doubts of such necessity were removed by the disclosures last summer in relation to deliberate sabotage of the Government's economic plans by the manufacturers and wholesale distributors of textiles, most of whom happened, curiously enough, to be connected with the Czech National Socialist Party.

Now, one may or may not agree with the action taken by the non-Socialist Ministers who sought to prevent, or at least delay, the "socialisation" of their country by resigning. One can hardly, however, describe such action as "democratic." It was, in fact, a negation of democracy; for it was the deliberate revocation by one section—a minority section at that—of its previous unconstrained undertaking without which the Coalition could never have functioned. It is ridiculous, therefore, to pretend that the crisis was "provoked by the Communists," with the object of suppressing democracy of the Western type in favour of an imposed one-party system. It is no less ridiculous to suggest that the public reaction to it—particularly that of the Trade Union movement—was not spontaneous, even though it was speedily taken charge of by the Communist Party.

If one considers dispassionately what has happened from the point of view of a Western democrat, there is every reason to be thankful that the situation was got under control by the Communists. For it is the Communists who have prevented *violent* revolution, and have brought Czechoslovakia back to the more difficult path of *constitutional* revolution, the possibility of which might well have been successfully "sabotaged" by the irresponsible behaviour of the Ministers who resigned.

As a result, we see restored now the *status quo* of October, 1945, with the National Front prepared to go forward with the execution of the "People's Programme." The changed balance of power within the National Front reflects truly the decreased public confidence in the loyalty of the non-Socialist parties, thanks to their leaders' patent attempt to abuse democratic forms for the purpose of frustrating democratic decisions.

The President's eventual approval of the solution of the crisis was in no way constrained; nor is the association with the new Cabinet of that other staunch democrat and courageous individualist, Mr. Jan Masaryk. It is, therefore, unfortunate that Mr. Bevin should have so hastily associated himself with Messrs. Marshall and Bidault in the publication of a statement which is unfair to the people of Czechoslovakia and their leaders besides being actually incorrect. EDGAR P. YOUNG

CHEAP MONEY

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct an inaccurate reference to myself in Mr. Dalton's article in your issue of Feb. 21st? He represents me as supporting a policy of "funding" the whole of the £6,000 millions of the floating debt at a budgetary cost of £150 millions per annum. I have never suggested this. What I did was to express the fear in an

Published Today

TURNSTILE ONE

A miscellany from
THE NEW STATESMAN & NATION
Edited by
V. S. PRITCHETT

Almost all the distinguished writers of two generations have at some time or other contributed to the literary pages of *The New Statesman and Nation*, and a complete collection of their work for the paper would be a lively guide to the literature and miscellaneous wit of our time. Turning back through the years the reader must be struck by the high proportion of their poems, stories, essays and criticisms which already seem to be moving towards a permanent place in English literature. The present literary editor, V. S. Pritchett, has made a first selection from this tantalising mass of material. The declamations of Belloc, the mischief of H. G. Wells, the irony of E. M. Forster, the scholarship of Lytton Strachey, the superb criticism of Roger Fry and Desmond MacCarthy in their respective fields, and the evocative essays of Virginia Woolf will be found here; and passing to a younger generation, there are stories by Elizabeth Bowen, H. E. Bates and William Plomer, the poems of Auden, Spender and Day Lewis, Alun Lewis and Henry Reed, the criticism of G. W. Stonier, W. J. Turner and Edward Sackville West. Readers of the paper will recall many notable verdicts: Roger Fry's placing of Epstein, Clive Bell's article on Picasso and Matisse, Rebecca West's brilliant judgment on Kipling, Raymond Mortimer's learned appreciation of the comedies of the episcopacy, and Cyril Connolly's reconnaissance of Noel Coward. And there are the eccentric pieces: editorial scoops like James Joyce's extraordinary address to an Irish singer, Wells's devastating comment on the Abdication, Ethel Smyth's startling confession, and D. H. Lawrence's outstanding prophecy of the rise of Nazism, Kingsley Martin's description of the mud baths of Czechoslovakia, a Chehov discovery, and a curious portrait of the original of Conrad's *Lord Jim*. Time has not dated these things: they are as fresh as when they were first written and many that had not been republished might have been lost in the files of the paper. Regular readers of *The New Statesman and Nation* will find most of the signatures they have known, but so vast was the mass of material available, that nothing like an exhaustive record could be made. The only wilful omission is Bernard Shaw, a frequent contributor and one of the founders of the paper, who refuses to be anthologised. The present volume, *Turnstile One*, represents a first picking; other volumes will follow.

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address last July that Mr. Dalton would prove to have missed a favourable opportunity of reducing the proportions of the short-term debt by his fruitless attempt to force interest rates down to a level which could not be sustained. I should be surprised to learn that Mr. Dalton, when Chancellor, did not entertain the idea of reducing the amount of the floating debt when he judged the right moment had come.

The effect on the Budget is, of course, one of the main factors to be weighed in considering how far "funding" operations may be expedient at any time. It is not the only relevant factor; and the very large extent to which our national debt now consists of floating debt and short-term bonds involves disadvantages and dangers which may perhaps become increasingly apparent during the next few years. If there are no such disadvantages and dangers, why did Mr. Dalton not save interest charges by buying up all our long-term Government securities, and replacing them by Treasury Bills?

On debt policy, as on most other financial questions, wisdom seems to me to lie in moderation and good timing. Unfortunately, Mr. Dalton seems to have been precluded from wisdom in this matter by his apparent unawareness that there are any economic forces which limit the powers of government over the level of interest rates, and that these forces are not likely to be favourable to low interest rates for many years to come. HUBERT D. HENDERSON

SIR,—If the interest rates on gilt-edged are forced down arbitrarily (and that word contains, I think, all the essential difference between Mr. Dalton's cheap-money policy and Mr. Chamberlain's), there will inevitably occur a complementary rise in value on the part of commodity and industrial holdings bearing interest at higher rates. The reason for this is that, at their new and enhanced value, the actual yield per cent. on the money invested will approximate more nearly to the yields of gilt-edged. It is obvious that a stock which nominally yields say 7 per cent. at par, may be standing at a valuation which makes the actual yield no more than 3 or 4 per cent. Such a development is of assistance to the gilt-edged investment market through reducing the handicap under which it would otherwise operate, and amounts, indeed, to a sort of "underpinning" of that market, which Mr. Dalton postulates as desirable.

Thus, as a direct corollary and consequence of two years of Mr. Dalton's cheap money, there have been two years of steadily rising values of industrial and commodity shares to levels quite unwarranted by the actual economic and industrial state of the country. The capital gains thus accruing could be, and freely were, realised by investors, and doubtless used in many cases to supplement their dwindling incomes. For it is not the "big boys" who have the great urge towards capital gains, but the moderate investor, bludgeoned by high taxation and harassed at every turn by mounting living-costs.

It cannot be gainsaid that the result is inflationary. And it is but just that Mr. Dalton's direct contribution towards this aspect of the general inflationary pressure should be recognised, and the responsibility laid squarely at his door. I cannot believe that he is himself so naive and inexpert in financial matters as to be unaware of this. But it may not be readily apparent to readers of his articles, who are possibly wondering what all the fuss and opposition to cheap money were about.

Glenwoods, Guildford. JULIAN FRISBY

HENRY WALLACE

SIR,—The fallacies in Mr. Williams's letter should not be allowed to pass unchallenged.

1. I wonder if he can substantiate his charge that many present P.C.A. leaders were at one with Senator Taft in opposing aid in 1940 to those fighting Fascism in Europe? But even if it is true, the identification of that battle with America's present struggle to "contain" Communism is, to say the least, ingenuous.

2. The question of Communist "membership" in the P.C.A. is not an issue. Wallace has declared that "any Communists who support the independent ticket will be supporting our programme, not the Communist programme." More than one Labour M.P. has reason to be thankful for Communist votes in 1945, and it is reasonable to assume that Democrats in the U.S. will welcome any support the A.D.A. can scrape up.

3. Mr. Williams and the A.D.A. were not unique among liberals in their support of the Marshall proposals. Wallace has not, to my knowledge, criticised the *proposals*. What he and his followers object to is the Republican programme of implementation, in which the Democrats have acquiesced. Messrs. Taft, Hoover, Baruch and Dulles have shown us what we can expect; and, after watching Marshall's losing struggle to retain State Department control of the programme, one is led to the conclusion that Congress "couldn't care less" about the Secretary's opinions.

4. The fact that C.I.O. and A.F.L. leaders have been dabbling in international trade union politics does not refute Miss Gibb's statement that American labour is "not very well informed about or interested in the rest of the world." HENRY WALTER

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

SIR,—While it might seem a little unusual to some of your readers that they should hear from a creature like a whale, I must point out that these are rather unusual times; and nothing can be more unusual and gratifying than the frank statement of the Governor of the Falkland Islands that the British are there for the "purely unselfish motive" of preventing our extermination. The truth is that ever since we began to provide whale steaks to help the British People we have incurred the enmity of the Argentinians, who see in this equally unselfish act of ours a move against their own meat trade.

Of course, I am only too well aware that there are those who will exhibit their usual cynical attitude to this remark of the Governor's, and who will say that there is nothing to choose between a British harpoon and a foreign one. Such people make me think that Anatole France might easily have been writing of whales instead of penguins. However, there are still those of us who do not share this attitude, and we join readily in thanking the Governor for his statement. Just when we were beginning to think that the Old Empire was on its last fins (or legs), it is a blessing to find that she is still ready to protect even her friends.

Ever since Britain ruled the waves nobody has doubted the fundamentally British character of us whales, and nowhere is this more in evidence than around the Falkland Islands. Some of us can remember when the cruel Spaniards came, and did not merely want to turn us into oil, but into Catholics, too, which we naturally resented. Then there was the great battle of the Falkland Islands, when the Germans were doing their best to turn us into slaves. But always the British came to our aid in time. Alas, even after this, there are those among us who see in the fine harbours of the Islands, not playing pens for young whales as they are intended, but anchorages for this same British Fleet.

Lastly, might I add that in case anyone should seek to question my right to speak for all whales, I think I can claim a wisdom that Captain Ahab himself knew to his cost; and, what is even more to the point as evidence of my position, I can claim that the whiteness of my skin cannot be surpassed by that of any other whale. I subscribe myself MOBY DICK.

THE THEATRE CONFERENCE

SIR,—In your issue of February 21st, Mr. Priestley devotes substantial space to misrepresenting (innocently, I hope) the reasons why the Theatres' National Committee, a federation of managerial organizations representing practically every theatre and music hall in the United Kingdom, did not attend the Theatre Conference over which he was so happy to preside.

Having written during the past few years (quite apart from his more recent publication) that he wanted the Theatre of this country removed from "the untidy control of men of bad taste lost in a dream of easy money and gay nights presenting their entertainments in a hotch-potch of shabby halls run meanly for easy profit", Mr. Priestley might at least in his capacity of Chairman, from its inception, of the Conference Preparatory Committee have given fiction and imagination a rest and read two letters of July 15th and December 3rd last addressed by my Committee to his.

Those letters (which I do Mr. Priestley the credit of assuming may not have been brought to his notice by his "youngish enthusiasts" who did the preparatory organizing under his Chairmanship) set out at length and courteously the reasons why my Committee did not accept the invitation.

If, however, Mr. Priestley did see the letters, he has chosen to ignore the reasons given in them for our absence; having done that, he gives his own totally inaccurate and fanciful version of our reasons. Then, apparently dissatisfied with himself, he goes on to say "it is obvious that the real reasons for our absence have not seen daylight." Well! Well! At least Mr. Priestley has seen one, which was that, in view of his offensive reference to managers, he was not, as Chairman of the Conference, *persona grata* to my Committee.

The letters are too lengthy to quote in this one. We pointed out that we already had three joint Councils representative of managers, artists and employees well qualified to deal with matters of common interest to the Theatre and that these could be discussed and acted upon by those Councils more profitably both in time and effect than if they formed part of the more ambitious and lengthy survey (in much of which we had no interest) visualized for the Conference. That there were 77 resolutions and four days of discussion suggest at least some justification for our assumption.

Having, as he assures us, presided over a very successful Conference, graced at its final session by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I should have expected Mr. Priestley with fresh laurels on his brow to be full of good will and bonhomie. But not at all, he is cross with the managers because we did not join the band-waggon, and he criticises the press for its "miserable reporting" of his Conference.

Why, having studied the menu and clearly but courteously refused the invitation to the party, our absence should be the subject of churlish and repeated comment and misrepresentation by the chief of our hosts, those more familiar than myself with new looks and new manners can probably explain.

WALTER PAYNE,
The Theatres' National Committee.

CRISIS IN KENYA

SIR,—The reviewer of our book *Crisis in Kenya* has so misrepresented our ideas that we feel obliged to take up at least some of the points she raises.

According to your reviewer, our "failure" to mention the criticisms of British rule in Kenya made in official documents and by colonial experts is because we did not wish to upset "the Marxist-Leninist thesis that the British Government, the officials, the settlers and *all other white men* (our italics) are engaged in unanimous and unremitting oppression of the Africans." Your reviewer does not challenge our evidence that the Government, settlers, financiers, etc., are oppressing the Africans. But so far from accusing "all white men" (racialism, she should note, is alien to Marxism) we wrote that "even now there are some among both minorities (*i.e.* Europeans and Indians in Kenya) who recognise the need to stand together with the Africans" (p. 207). In our introduction we pointed out that it is not the British people who gain from colonial exploitation, "but at all times the financiers and industrialists who stand behind the Tory Party (p. 13)". These latter may be white men, but not all white men are financiers and industrialists.

Your reviewer states that our "only new ideas are that Kenya should imitate the 'new democracy' of Yugoslavia, and the system of government of the Russian Eastern republics. This is madly off the point for Africa." In the whole book there are two sentences on the Soviet Union—one on their mass literacy campaigns and one stating that "Britain has much to learn from the Soviet Union in the transformation of colonial peoples into free peoples." There are two references to Yugoslavia: how illiterate people vote in secret ballot, and to Yugoslavia as a multinational state which has "much to teach." The many pages of *detailed* proposals on land tenure, local government, etc., which constitute a large part of the book are completely ignored.

But perhaps your reviewer really means that *democracy* is "madly off the point for Africa." For Yugoslavia, she writes, "Social democracy is no new thing ... but is the result of Turkish rule, which killed off the aristocracy of the Middle Ages, and reduced all the peoples under it to the same low level; when the Turks left, the various Balkan peoples were egalitarians." What does this mean? Was Yugoslavia an egalitarian or democratic state in 1939? Were there then in the Balkans no decaying aristocracies living on the backs of the people? Certainly there were. But if she means that democracy is germane to the Balkans but alien to Africa, we must state that any new relationship between a Labour Britain and the African peoples can only be based on the very swiftest democratic advance of the Africans to political power and self-government. This may sound "mad" and "fundamentally silly" to your reviewer, but the African peoples are increasingly taking a different point of view.

One final illustration of the character of the review. The book, she writes, is "packed with quotations from documents and the works of Lenin." There is one quotation from Lenin in the book (p. 21).

S. and K. AARONOVITCH

THE WORLD IS RICH

SIR,—May I comment on Mr. Whitebait's charge that *The World Is Rich*, the film about the world's food which was commissioned by the Central Office of Information, was "allowed to lie idle month after month."

We were delivered the first finished copy by the contractor towards the end of August. We waited for the showing of the film at the Edinburgh Festival because we thought its showing there would help us to place it. Then, early in September, we began to try to find a distributor. We went on offering it to distributors until November, when we found one to accept it. If time passed, it was because this series of distributors all took their own time to make up their minds that they didn't want to handle it.

The accepting distributor then took the view that the film was too long. In consultation with the Producer, the Central Office agreed to shorten it so that the distributor could weigh into the tough job of getting cinema bookings with every confidence. Events have proved that this advice was sound and that we were wise to take it, for the film is doing well.

This should be a comfort to the film's Producer, Mr. Paul Rotha, whose two previous films of similar length, *Land of Promise* and *A City Speaks*, which were not commissioned by the Central Office, have so far had, unfortunately, very limited showing.

Films Division, C.O.I. R. E. TRITTON

GEOFFREY PYKE

SIR,—My father died on February 21st. May I appeal to any of your readers who possess anything at all written by him, if only a note or a letter and whatever its content, to let me have it? I am so anxious to collect everything possible, perhaps for future publication, certainly for private satisfaction. Confidence will, of course, be respected and papers will be acknowledged, copied and returned if sent to me at Balcombe Place, Balcombe, Sussex.

DAVID PYKE

ARS EST ....

SIR,—Your critic says: "Miss Compton's divinely concealed technique and perfect speech control are so flawless that one automatically—and perhaps unfairly—suspects lack of deep feeling ..."

One suspects, perhaps unfairly, that Mr. ap Hugh ought not to be a critic. This bumpkin suspicion of good technique, and even of "flawlessness" itself, is responsible for the foisting on the public of so much emotional splurging and creaking cerebration that many of us are afraid to go into a picture gallery, a theatre or a concert hall lest we lose our reason.

JAMES BRIDIE

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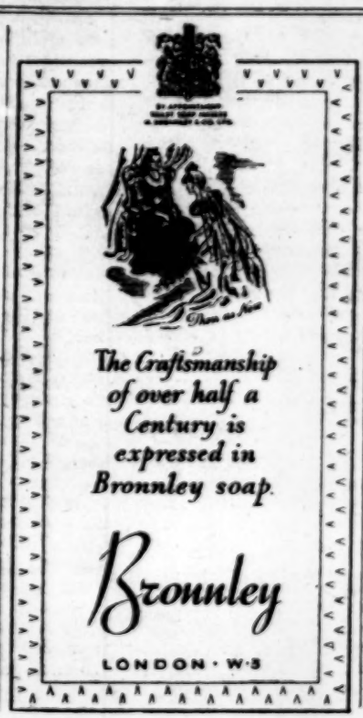

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

LAST September I risked some comments in these columns upon the condition of writers in modern Russia. I was careful to disclaim any first-hand knowledge, and took my facts from Mr. George Reavey's *Soviet Literature To-day* (Lindsay Drummond, 8*s.* 6*d.*), a book that, so far as I know, has not been charged with inaccuracy. One of the facts I quoted from it was that an author named Kostylev, who wrote an historical novel about Ivan the Terrible, was rebuked for making him "too ordinary and insufficiently dignified." A scene where he is made to walk along the walls of the Kremlin in the company of a foreigner was criticised as improbable because "in the eyes of the people the Tsar was a sacred personage and could not be seen in such proximity to an outlander." I next referred to a play about the same Ivan which had been withdrawn because "the interpretation of the Tsar was not sufficiently dignified"; and added the comment, "What hot water Shakespeare, were he a Soviet citizen, would get into for his shocking pictures of the hero of Agincourt!"

My remarks have led to attacks upon me in the Soviet press, which seem to be of more than merely personal interest. I must hasten to apologise to M. Kostylev for misspelling his name: the other facts I gave about him are not disputed; it is my attitude to them that rankles. *New Times*, a weekly journal published in English in Moscow, has let fly in an article headed "Spotlight on Slander—Ignorance Multiplied by Malice." After a few preliminary flourishes, in which I am called "a bumptious critic" and a "literary snob," who is "aware that his reactionary views will appeal to very few of the common people of Britain," the anonymous writer gets into his stride:

> Obviously full of admiration for his own wittiness, Mortimer expresses misgivings as to "what hot water Shakespeare, were he a Soviet citizen, would get into." Mortimer and the editors of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION probably believe that the dose of venom contained in that remark must have no less than a lethal effect. Possibly they do not realize in what a ridiculous position they put themselves by the reference to Shakespeare. For it is well known that the works of the great English dramatist enjoy perhaps greater popularity in the Soviet Union than in present-day England.

Who suggested that they did not? There is no conceivable reason why the Kremlin censors should object to an English prince being represented as undignified. But if Shakespeare were a Soviet citizen, he would presumably write about Tsars instead of about Lancastrians; and if he were to depict Ivan as freely as he did depict Prince Hal, how could he not get into hot water just as M. Kostylev did?

New Times goes on to say about me:

> He repeats the fabrication of the foes of peaceful co-operation among nations about "the Russian Government's conviction that conflict between Communist and Capitalist powers is continuous and inevitable." Flying in the face of reason and the facts, he asserts that it is considered "essential" in the Soviet Union "to maintain 'war psychology' in the public." The malicious intention of such fabrications is obvious. Only a man who looks at the world while standing on his head could concoct such a monstrous distortion of the facts.

It is to be feared, in this case, that a number of Marxian writers have spent half their lives standing on their heads. My critic concludes by dismissing my article as a "hash of ignorant stupidities and slanderous inventions," and labelling me a "literary speculator."

This urbane and reasoned reply to my review was followed a few weeks later by a letter to the editor of *New Times*, written, or at any rate signed, by M. Kostylev. The text of this has appeared in *Our Time*, a monthly published in England. M. Kostylev expresses indignation because I referred to him as "unfortunate"; it seems that there is nothing unfortunate for a Soviet writer in being publicly rebuked for straying from the Party line. He continues:

> As a Soviet writer, a Communist, and a member of the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R., happy in the opportunity of creative work and participation in the construction and life of our Soviet state, which is the most progressive and democratic in the world, I consider it below my dignity to enter into an argument with Mortimer. The scanty mind of this servitor of reaction could hardly assimilate and understand the fact that I highly value the critical articles about my novel, *Ivan the Terrible*, because they help me in my work. The only thing I might regret is that such articles have been, perhaps, too favourable to my works. I myself have always been of a more modest opinion of my works than my critics.
>
> The accident by which Mortimer's unclean finger happened to point to me only shows that he could find nothing in Soviet literature that could give him the slightest grounds for mourning the lot of Soviet writers. All that one can say to this Mortimer and other literary tricksters who are slandering us is: Weep over your own lot!

This letter will hardly reassure those of us who are dismayed by the Soviet attitude to the things of the mind. We take for granted the weary formulæ about "the most progressive and democratic state in the world," but what are we to make of the prep.-school rudeness that appears above M. Kostylev's signature? At any moment, I feel, he may exclaim "Sucks to you!" It is hard to believe that an intellectual could use such language spontaneously. Surely it must have been dictated by some official, perhaps the unknown gentleman from whose remarks I quoted earlier. Or did some anxious well-wisher hurry to M. Kostylev and say: "You've already been in trouble once, and now some tiresome Englishman has raked it all up again to show what we have to put up with. Things are very hot just now; it's not a week since Igor and Leonid were sent to a labour camp. So you must write at once to *New Times* and say how gloriously happy you are and how grateful to the kind critics who shooed you back to the Party line. Don't forget, of course, to stick in the usual stuff about 'scanty minds' and 'servitors of reaction' and 'unclean fingers'—you know that's the style they like." Perhaps such suppositions do M. Kostylev too much honour, but I would rather attribute the jargon he uses to a police official than to a member of my own profession.

It is the same with musicians. A few weeks ago Shostakovitch, Prokofiev and Khachaturian, who are, I suppose, the three Soviet composers best known outside their native land, were accused in a decree by the central committee of the Communist Party of "formalistic and anti-popular tendencies." It seems that they "distort music into a cacophony of meaningless noises," and that "this music strongly smells of the modernistic bourgeois music of Britain and America, which reflects the degradation of bourgeois culture—the negation of musical art and its dead-end." They had departed, it was declared, from the principles of the Russian classical composers, whose music was "the best in the world." Soon the news came that two of the three had repented. Khachaturian said the criticism would help him "to adopt the path of Socialist realism in musical art"; Prokofiev proclaimed: "I am convinced that the Soviet people and the Soviet musical public will help me to overcome the formalistic trend in my work and that my future creations will be worthy of my people and my great country." Nothing, at first, was heard of Shostakovitch; and as he had been in the same sort of trouble before, some alarm was felt by his admirers. Would he be thought curable only by a dose of banishment to the Arctic? Then his submission came trotting along after the others: "I accept the Central Committee's decree, particularly as regards myself, as stern but fatherly care of us Soviet composers."

Who can read these recantations without a feeling of nausea? Goodness knows, I am not blaming the unhappy musicians. Rather than be sent to a chain-gang, I would, I fear, declare that Demosthenes and Michelangelo had been far outshone by Mr. Harry Pollitt and Sir Alfred Munnings. What disgusts us when we read of Galileo and Cranmer denying their convictions is not their docility but the vileness of the authorities who stuck at nothing in their eagerness to make these men tell lies.

It is difficult for us simple-minded Occidentals to understand exactly how the principles of social realism apply to music. A painting or a novel can be not only socialist in aim but realistic in style. Realism in the ordinary sense cannot, however, be employed in music, except in such rare and brief instances as the cuckoo's cry in the *Pastoral Symphony* and the baaing of sheep in Strauss's *Don Quixote*. Nor can music be intrinsically propagandist. It can, of course, be thought of as patriotic, because it is attached to a patriotic text, like the horrible *Land of Hope and Glory* written by A. C. Benson to fit a march of Elgar's. But internationalist or pacificist words could just as well be set to the same tune. When the Soviet ideologists call for "Socialist realism," what they seem usually to mean is music that is catchy in its melodies, unalarming in its harmony and recklessly emotional, so that anyone can take it in easily at a first hearing. Only a small proportion of the music that has stood the test of time fulfils these conditions. But most of Tchaikovsky does, which may explain why he is preferred by Soviet officials to any other Russian composer—and, *a fortiori*, to any mere foreigner.

It may seem queer that modern musicians should be expected to think in the same terms as Tchaikovsky, when Stalin does not think in the same terms as Alexander III or Pobednostsev—or has he more in common with these than his lieges would admit? If we accept what seems to me the grossly exaggerated importance attached by Marxists to the influence of environment upon art, we should expect the new type of society achieved by the Soviet to engender automatically an equally new type of music. It is in any case against all Marxist expectations that the music produced under Stalin should be so conspicuously inferior to that produced under Alexander III; and it is no wonder that this makes them cross. But what improvement can be hoped from bullying their best composers to return to a Tsarist style?

The writer in *New Times* declares that I "hold it against the Soviet Union that Tchaikovsky is loved and esteemed there." This is inexact. What I did comment upon was the oddity of the official preference given to music that is the reverse of bracing or masculine. Though I have read a Soviet book in praise of Tchaikovsky, I cannot see by what casuistry *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty*, for instance, can be acclaimed as "social realism." This enchanting music was written by Tchaikovsky not only to gratify his own nostalgia and love of glitter but to meet the taste of Grand Dukes; nothing could be more "escapist." The explanation of the inconsistency, I suggest, is that when they come to the arts, Soviet bureaucrats are precious like Grand Dukes, though a little more easily dismayed by novelty. An untrained ear welcomes the same sort of thing in Soviet Russia as in Tsarist Russia (or for that matter in this England of ours); and Tchaikovsky caters for such ears alike by his virtues and his weaknesses. In any case, it is very nice that the Russians enjoy Tchaikovsky so much, and it would be horrid if they were not allowed to. But it is an insult to his memory to use him as a stick with which to beat modern composers.

The latest news of the witch-hunt is that twenty-five leading Russian painters have declared that "the spirit of decadent and bourgeois aestheticism has pervaded our ranks." It is not clear whether they are anticipating reproof, or amiably denouncing fellow artists. What previous despotism has ever interfered so brutally with the liberty of writers, painters and musicians? It is amusing to re-read to-day Mr. Shaw's shocked protests against the monstrous intolerance of our poor, decrepit, torpid censorship of plays. Time marches on!

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

Cefalû. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Poetry London.* 8s. 6d.

A Room on the Route. By GODFREY BLUNDEN. *Cape.* 9s. 6d.

The Unforgiven. By HOWARD CLEWES. *Bodley Head.* 8s. 6d.

The Bulwark. THEODORE DREISER. *Constable.* 12s. 6d.

There are amateur novelists just as there are amateur steeplechasers. The mortality rate of both is probably higher than among their professional rivals—they take far too many risks, they go soaring over obstacles with not the slightest idea of what lies on the other side—but it is all very exhilarating while it lasts and there is always the chance that they will stick in their saddles. When that happens they usually win. For we must not mistake the amateur for the amateurish. The amateur novel is produced by a genuine writer (like Meredith), who is perhaps too excitable, or too lazy, or too clever for the patient labour of craftsmanship. Or the trouble might, quite simply, be that of having a private income. But when he wins through he does so for the very best of reasons: because he has something to say, or maybe he has vision, maybe style, maybe a certain literary *panache*.

Lawrence Durrell is an amateur novelist in this sense. He is better known as a lyrical and topographical poet of some charm, and if *Cefalû* does not happen to be a winner it is more by reason of Mr. Durrell's good qualities than of his inadequacies: his feeling for scenery is such that we are expected to look at it when we would much rather be looking at his characters, and his understanding of those characters is so shrewd that we are given summaries of their lives and opinions rather than an opportunity to watch their comings and goings for ourselves. The scenery is beautiful (most of the action is set in Crete) and his characters interesting, even in their dossiers. We are, accordingly, tempted to let him get away with it. But it remains no more than a temptation. These are not the real flaws in the book.

We are to imagine that a number of sightseers are trapped by a fall of rock in a labyrinth in Crete; there is, indeed, some suggestion that it is *the* Cretan labyrinth, so there is always the dread of coming upon the minotaur. Who are these sightseers? There is a spiritualist medium who has "lost his gift," there are a conventional lady missionary, a pleasant north-country couple, a neurotic army officer who has returned to Crete to give decent burial to a German he killed during the war, there is a certain titled writer who is known as the Cricketer-Poet of England, and finally there is a painter of repute who is so troubled by the nature of reality that he has to be very rude at cocktail parties and abandon his succession of mistresses with the sort of studied callousness that he could only have learned from reading books. It is deliberate irony that, of this party, it is only the Cricketer-Poet who finds his way out of the labyrinth. He is already under a doctor's sentence of early death.

For the labyrinth is symbol, the subject of the book is death. We should be able to accept all this (in spite of careless craftsmanship) were it not for the fact that the book involves so much else that insists on having nothing to do with the symbolism. When Ramuz wrote *Présence de la Mort* (the story of the last withering of life on this planet as it falls into the sun) his comment on man's spiritual sickness was entirely framed in terms of his myth, how differing people react to this final catastrophe. Mr. Durrell's method, on the other hand, is to take a number of people he regards as characteristic of western civilisation, ferret out all their weaknesses, and then destroy them. We should have expected no worse from Sweeney Todd.

The handling of symbol in a story is a most delicate business; she is a jealous female who will not allow another woman in the house, and on this occasion she takes her revenge by refusing to have anything to do with much of the detail of the narrative. When the fall of rock cuts off the party from the outside world we are annoyed with the guide for his carelessness, but do not feel that the accident is any profound comment on what has gone before. Such accidents do happen in real life, of course, but the laws of fiction (and especially this particular kind of fiction) are different; and we cannot quite conquer the suspicion that Mr. Durrell has committed a wanton literary massacre.

We can, nevertheless, measure everything in *Cefalû* against our own experience. Most of us will be unable to do this with Godfrey Blunden's *A Room on the Route*, a book about the Russians which is set in Moscow during 1942 and 1943. The material is unfamiliar and most of us do not understand it except at second hand. A new question arises for the novel addict: not—"Is this good?" but "Is this true? Is Russia the gigantic lunatic asylum it appears in these pages?" Mr. Blunden handles a great mass of material with considerable skill, he plunges into family life with assurance, takes us to the theatre and to church, conducts us (by means of subjective flashbacks) through the history of Russia since 1917, takes us to the battle front during the late war and makes real and terrible the Moscow atmosphere of suspicion and betrayal.

In other words, the novel is a demonstration of what Mr. Blunden considers to be the truth about the Russian way of life. But a novel can demonstrate anything. He could, had he wished, have written a book approving of Russian totalitarianism and, his gifts being what they are, the result would have been equally impressive. Creative writing concerns itself with truth and the truth lies within it like the heart in the body. The truth of Mr. Blunden's novel, however, is like the heart of the ogre in the fairy tale and lies outside its body; and I, for one, regret that he did not tackle that truth directly and give us, without the trappings of fiction, a statement which would make no demand on the special kind of faith that a reader has of necessity to take to the novel. Yet there is no doubt that in *A Room on the Route* Mr. Blunden has succeeded in what he set out to do. The final effect (in spite of the gusto of the last chapter where a Russian soldier is quite literally caught with his trousers down by a German dive-bomber) is depressing and horrifying.

It is a little presumptuous to decide what a man's novel should be when he has very deliberately made up his mind that it should be something else; but when Howard Clewes's *The Unforgiven* works up to a point where no fewer than twenty war correspondents drop in to report the activities of eleven very mild and civilised partisans and find they have come to an understanding with the elderly German soldiers who are besieging them, and would rather spend their time fishing, making love and painting murals on the rock face, we feel cheated if we are not provided with a comic novel. But Mr. Clewes is adamant. We must have the Truth about Life, we must have a Total Picture. By means of flashbacks and flashforwards we are told of the wretched lives of certain of the partisans before they settled on this Italian mountain and, what is more, we are told of the wretched lives they will lead when the war is over.

The intrusion of the merely depressing into a situation that pulses with amusing possibilities does not lead to any deepening of the novel's significance. On the contrary, it leads to a disintegration so complete that even the style, which

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10/6

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vacillates between the pompous and the theatrical on the one hand and a terse irony on the other, bears witness against the narrative. It is all the greater pity because there are many good things in the book, the Commandant of the partisans is most successfully drawn and Mr. Clewes's account of the way his men bought an armoured car from the Germans is quite delightful. We stand in great need of comic writers. If only Mr. Clewes will unleash his talent for ironical farce he can rest assured that we shall be grateful.

For many readers the late Theodore Dreiser's novel, *The Bulwark*, will be a more solid achievement than any of the others under review. And they would probably be right. It is the life story of an American Quaker and more particularly of his relationship with his five children. It is the old story of the good, rather rigid father whose children go to the devil; one of them, in this case, becoming the mistress of a painter and another ending his life by suicide in a prison cell. Just as his children fail to understand him, so he fails to understand them and why his own austere faith is not enough for them.

The book is one long authoritative statement. Instead of the fresh, living presentation of scene and character we are, rather, told about them, told that there was love, ambition, change and decay rather than shown all these things so that we could judge for ourselves. Yet, within its limits, the novel is completely successful. We are able to take Mr. Dreiser's word for everything that took place because he preserves an almost superhuman impartiality. There is kindliness in the steady, unblinking gaze, but he is never for one moment deceived in the father or in the children, and consequently never underestimates the magnitude of their problem. The novel has a great and most moving dignity. P. H. NEWBY

THE FAILURE OF THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES

The Abuse of Learning: the Failure of the German University. By FREDERIC LILGE. *Macmillan.* 14s.

"What is wrong with the Germans?" is still apparently a live question, at any rate in America. Since Hitler was the culmination of German history, everything that came before him in Germany can take its share of blame. Junkers, Liberals, Socialists, Communists, all contributed something to Hitlerism, though all suffered from it and resented it as well. German philosophy, too, can be made to add up to National Socialism; the sum was worked out in a somewhat uncritical book by Rohan Butler early in the war. Dr. Lilge is concerned with the failure of the German universities to stand against National Socialism; and, since he teaches the history and philosophy of education at the University of California, he naturally finds the explanation of this collapse in the failure to teach the right philosophy of education. His book is a more moderate version, in a limited field, of Rohan Butler's; that is, he finds the roots of National Socialism in all the hundred and fifty years of soil that preceded it, and the greater the writer the more disastrous his errors are shown to be. Humboldt's humanism was vitiated by his dogmatic faith in an imaginary antiquity; Fichte's Idealism was "contradicted by his self-righteousness and his want of humility;" even Max Weber's liberalism is condemned, because he treated liberalism as a private affair and an escape from this wicked world. Yet all the great German writers on the question of higher learning—and they were many—were very aware of the defects of German universities and as critical of them as Dr. Lilge. To understand what was wrong with the German universities, it would have been more profitable to analyse the writers of rubbish—of whom there also have been many—from Treitschke to Spengler and Rosenberg. Dr. Lilge does this too, but, like any sensible man, he wearies of the weight of nonsense which only academic Germans can produce and devotes most of his book to the sane, and therefore unrepresentative, figures. His book is an admirable account of a hundred and fifty years of German thinking about the purpose and functions of a university; it does not, however, answer the question with which he started of why the German universities fell down before Hitler.

The question, surely, cannot be answered by discussing academic thought about academies. Universities, like any other institutions, can only be explained by Marxist analysis: they have the virtues and defects of the society to which they belong. Modern Germany was a "made" society: even the universities, in their modern form, were called into artificial existence by Humboldt. The endless discussion about the purpose of a university revealed the lack of a normal settled way of life which is characteristic of every aspect of recent German history. In a country with a healthy tradition the universities pursue their work without theorising about it. The Germans, lacking a secure tradition, instead worshipped Power; and university professors, too, thought that they ought to promise feats of limitless Power. All the writers analysed by Dr. Lilge expected wonders of the university system if only it was organised on their particular plan: the universities were to supply the intellectual and philosophic leadership of society, and often the political leadership also. Could there be anything more ghastly than the plan propounded by Max Scheler (whom Dr. Lilge praises) of dividing higher education into three distinct institutions—schools for professional training, research establishments, and colleges of liberal education where the student "was to be given broad syntheses of knowledge in order to let him see the matrix of conceptions and hypotheses in which all empirical knowledge lies ordered and embedded?" It never occurred even to the most liberal German writer that the only obligation a university owes to society (if it owes any) is to provide a form of existence in which young men can educate themselves. Those students who want a philosophy of life, will, no doubt, discover one; only a German can suppose that the university ought to provide it for them. The German university world was authoritarian, even though it sometimes used its authority to order freedom of thought or of investigation; it was not surprising then that it fell under the spell of an authoritarian state.

It is really asking too much of universities to expect them to defend intellectual liberty in a society which is otherwise hostile to it. English universities are part of a society which includes also trades unions, nonconformist churches and a host of other voluntary associations; they could not preserve their liberty in isolation. American universities hold their own against the state, do less well against the encroachments of their capitalist backers; this, too, is part of the pattern of American society. After all, intellectual freedom is impossible without economic freedom. The German universities were created by the state and paid by the state; how could they be expected to stand against it? English universities began without state encouragement and established their tradition on a basis of private endowments: hence their freedoms are still those suited to an eighteenth-century clergyman—freedom in research and teaching, eccentricity of dress and private habit, but not freedom to live an irregular sexual life. But this tradition is losing its economic basis. A few colleges in Oxford and Cambridge could stand without state support, so long as the land is not nationalised; otherwise the state has

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become the paymaster of our universities, and in time will begin to call the tune, though no doubt more insidiously and tactfully as befits the "British way of life." Already British and American scientists have not done much better in defending academic freedom against the service departments than German scientists did against Hitler. An ominous augury for the future. The scientists have been the Trojan Horse of conformity; and the academic world in this country, too, will pay a bitter penalty for ever having admitted them within its walls.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

LLEWELYN POWYS AT DAVOS

Swiss Essays. By LLEWELYN POWYS. *John Lane.* 15*s.*

Davos is world-famous for its ski-ing and its sanatoria, but nothing remains to remind the visitor of the days when this remote valley was the centre of power politics. The conquest of the Valtelline, coveted both by France and Austria, gave to the rulers of the Grisons a position of European importance. Davos sent its ambassadors to the courts of Paris and Vienna and its proconsuls to rule over the subject Italian provinces. The great families of Davos, the Buols and the Gulers, for instance, whose descendants are well known to British visitors, were ennobled by kings, and their portraits in armour or ambassadorial dress still survive. They were men of great culture, writing an easy and elegant Latin, but though aristocrats when abroad, at home they were careful to maintain a life of Spartan and Republican simplicity. This tradition of Tory democracy still survives and is responsible for the "happy liberation of spirit" which Llewelyn Powys noted as one of the characteristics of the "children of Switzerland," to quote the title of one of his most charming essays. He attributes this "disenthralment from social preoccupations and social servilities" to the fact that they are the children of freeholders who have never conducted themselves with respectful deference in the presence of their "betters," and for centuries have been spared "the spectacle of such social reverence," but it would be a great mistake to exaggerate the egalitarianism of a Swiss village. Alexander Seiler, who created Zermatt as a tourist centre, had to carry his case to the Federal Court before he could obtain the coveted citizenship of Zermatt, and the children of those who are burghers of Zermatt still look down on those whose families have lived in Zermatt for a century without acquiring this privilege.

Powys discovered that other Switzerland of which the average mountaineer or skier knows little or nothing, and he writes with the same discerning sympathy whether his theme is human beings or birds and beasts.

And in this valley which for Powys was the valley of the shadow of death he sought, as so many others have done before him, for some clue to the ultimate mystery in the changing moods of peak and snowfield, but no touch of nature mysticism softens his austere repudiation of a Friend behind the phenomena of the visible world. Powys was not a philosopher; he was a poet who writes in prose, and I doubt if he would have been sufficiently interested even to challenge the statement that man's response to beauty in general and mountain beauty in particular is wholly inexplicable within the framework of mechanistic evolution. Poets don't argue. They interpret the mood of the moment which for them is the absolute truth. "I have noticed," writes Anatole France, "that the philosophers generally live in good relations with poets. Philosophers know that poets do not think, and this softens and enchants them." "It is no use pretending," writes Powys, "that there exists a supernatural being solicitous for our welfare, for it is clear there does not." *Clear*, that is, to those who feel but do not think. "In the honest paths of pedestrian good sense there is no problem here at all." No problem! *Cela les désarme, les attendrit, et les enchante.*

You will find in any seminary or common room philosophers who can marshal the arguments for theism, but a generation may pass without giving birth to a poet who can express the Lucretian sense of an austere world from which "the parting genius is with sighing sent." Powys' meditation on the Aebi wood can stand comparison with the noblest passages in Lucretius:

"We were sage and we accepted the word of the uncouth wood. Whether wisely or no, let the forest judge. There is nothing better for us to do than to plot for our own happiness, for the happiness of our companions, for the happiness of the whole human race. Our frights prompt us too easily to countenance illusions. Something can be done sometimes by far-seeing sagacious insights. We are too often taught to look up when we should be taught to look down. The spectacle of the unnervous, unideal confidence of nature should point us to a sounder doctrine.

"During the fair hours of the Alpine summer the Aebi wood is as full of leaping, laughing sap as is the comb of a bee with life-giving honey. Even to the stupid eye of man it is there visibly veiled in softest mystery. In December, January and February it is the austerity of the wood that becomes especially apparent. Then it is that the stately fir-trees, standing motionless in their white bondage, lift up patient heads of endurance in an astral universe without an end or a beginning, in a universe that to the fugitive race of men subject to death must for ever remain incomprehensible."

The magnificent illustrations are worthy of the book, which is sure of a warm welcome from all lovers of the real Switzerland.

ARNOLD LUNN

SYMPOSIUM

Orpheus: A Symposium of the Arts: edited by JOHN LEHMANN. *John Lehmann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Scrutinising the present moment for its tendencies can be a painful and unrewarding exercise, like trying to look at the hairs on your chest through a microscope. Especially this moment. Beginning of the End or End of the Beginning? To be in the Movement: is it to tread water or to mark time? The pretext for these reflections is the fact that Mr. Lehmann has changed the name of his periodical miscellany. The contents are good value and are, as usual, agreeably presented but in what way they represent a new departure, or a further pin-pointing of that old mole, the Zeitgeist, you must decide for yourselves. Never mind. Even if we cannot share Mr. Lehmann's singular conviction that "the word of the poet is the mainspring of history," we wish Orpheus success on his new civilising mission; if the Maenads get him again there will be no successor, just a curt notice: No Writing by Starlight.

Poetry first, then. There is a fine Summer Idyll by Terence Tiller, fairly straightforward and sensuous without much symbolism, opening with a sunblinded reverie on the sand, working up to a sylvan ecstacy and fading out on a cosmic note with images of the sea and birth. A short MacNiece about a drunken straphanger in the tube with a neatly condensed account of false alcoholic euphoria, the sad illusion that the universe is full of unity and purpose. A plangent, perhaps slightly overburdened, Day Lewis, in which a woman laments her lover in the clear, glacier-like, timeless mood that accompanies traditional, literary, melancholy as distinct from

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DR. SAM JOHNSON DETECTOR [9/6]

"Really a bit of all right . . . These stories in which the Great Cham, attended by an only slightly Watsonised Boswell, investigates eighteenth century mysteries are excellent pastiche and good detection . . . She turns the Cham into a convincing and highly ratiocinative sleuth . . . **A real treat for connoisseurs"**
MAURICE RICHARDSON (*Observer*)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

the clinical depression with which the modern psyche is so familiar. Then there is Miss Sitwell in her latter day and, indeed, magnificent, role of Christian Sibyl, briefly singing the collapse of social morality under the "Man-made Rain" and the incandescent consolation of eternity. Another religious poem by Peter Yates, a progress of the soul, may seem almost too exclusively theological to those who still preserve their old-fashioned humanism. The 20th-century Greek renaissance is represented by translations from the thoughtful, passionate yet restrained, Eliot-influenced Seferis, and the gay zestful Cretan Elytis. Rex Warner, who translates the longish poem by Seferis, writes an appreciative note on him.

The prose fiction department is disappointing. Apart from a new translation of an old story by Bunin, much the best thing here is P. H. Newby's study of the doubly distilled ambivalence of childhood and old age, a story that should terrify you every time you hear a child bawl or a crone mutter. Translated extracts of work by Jules Supervielle and Raymond Queneau appear to suffer rather from that tiresome neo-gongorism and obliquity that sometimes afflicts even French picaresque writers. A rather clumsily written chapter from a novel by Jocelyn Brooke justifies inclusion on grounds of sincerity. There is no reporting at all. The outstanding prose piece is not fiction, not in any way experimental, but yet another extract from Osbert Sitwell's admirable reminiscences, a beautifully rounded portrait of Arnold Bennett. This could not have been better done, a real, speaking likeness and an encouraging example of how sympathy and affection can deepen a literary portrait if accompanied by the necessary objectivity.

Among the critical essays in the artists' section the best is also by an experienced writer, Harold Acton on Modern Mexican Painting. "One must be prepared to tolerate whiffs of rollicking bad taste like garlic"—here again is the sympathetic approach. There is an interesting article by Peter Brooke on Style in Shakespearean Production which might well have been two or three times the length, and a renewed plea for verse drama by Norman Nicholson. Of the pictures photographed the most interesting are those of the prodigious young Italian, Renzo Vespignani, who catches the peculiar inorganic degradation of the post-war scene in Italy with a network of lines like insects' stings. Unfortunately the English painters reproduced, Michael Rothenstein, Michael Ayrton, Monkton, Keith Vaughan, suffer, as do the French tapestries, from absence of colour. It would be invidious to pass judgment on one issue. Orpheus is certainly up to average New Writing standard and Mr. Lehmann has lost none of his editorial zeal; if the field for selection seems to have narrowed this may be due merely to a passing wave of literary asthenia.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

FRANCK: *Symphony in D minor* (Paris Conservatoire Orch. cond. Münch. Decca K1639-42). Futile to ignore the fact that this work has triumphed, in spite of its glaring defects. Seldom, outside the symphonies of Bruckner, have ideas of such nobility been compelled to serve so questionable a design. If the spiritual drama is to reach us, it must be through a conductor in whom intellect governs emotion. Charles Münch is such a conductor, and I have little hesitation in recommending his set as the best to date. The turgid climaxes are impossibly difficult to cope with on disc, but the recording surmounts most of the problems posed by a type of scoring which often assaults the ear painfully, even in the concert hall.

MENDELSSOHN: *Symphony No. 3 in A minor* ("*Scotch*") (Liverpool P.O. cond. Sargent. Col. DX1451-4). *Symphony No. 5 in D minor* ("*Reformation*") (Paris Conservatoire Orch. cond. Münch. Decca K1715-8). At least two of Mendelssohn's symphonies—the *Scotch* and the *Italian*—are among those of his works which have worn the best. Inoffensively romantic as steel engravings of "Picturesque Europe," they appeal to the purely musical sense by the perfect symmetry of their composition, and the wonderful lightness and skill with which so much tuneful material is managed. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts the *Scotch* with a brassy efficiency that does no harm to the Scherzo and Finale, but takes the bloom off the opening and slow movements. Recording very hard and shallow: the violins sound like a mere handful. A strikingly un-beautiful set, just better than none at all. The Fifth or "Reformation" Symphony has a reputation for pompous dullness, but those who can sit through the symphonies of Schumann with pleasure are in no position to sniff at this one. No doubt it has its doughy patches, but for all that it is a nourishing piece of music. The recording is admirably clear and incisive, with beautiful string tone. The fill-up is the Prelude to Act 1 of Vincent d'Indy's Wagnerian opera, *Fervaal*, —a brief but exquisite evocation of a summer garden, which makes one long to hear the whole opera.

RACHMANINOFF: *Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini* (Rubinstein, with Philharmonia Orch. cond. Süsskind. H.M.V. DB6556-8). It would not be surprising if posterity decided to prefer this glittering set of variations to Rachmaninoff's full-length concertos. It has not a dull moment, and very few which could be called cheap; the invention is unflagging and the scoring wonderfully apt. This is a splendid issue. I cannot see that Rubinstein's performance is in any respect inferior to the composer's own, and in the management of detail and of instrumental tone the latest recording is much the best of the three available.

BRAHMS: *Academic Festival Overture* (Liverpool P.O. cond. Sargent. Col. DX1447-8.) *Ditto* (L.S.O. cond. Clemens Krauss. Decca K1726). Since he does not appear to take an unduly deliberate view of this much recorded piece, it is a little mysterious to find Sir Malcolm contriving to spread it over three sides (the fourth contains Brahms's *Hungarian Dance* No. 5). However that may be, and despite a muscular and correct performance, I think the Decca disc is greatly to be preferred to all other extant issues (including Walter's), for it is splendidly played and by far the most spaciously recorded. Studio deadness, however slight, is peculiarly fatal to this kind of music.

BACH: *Brandenburg Concerto No. 4* (Boyd Neel Orch. with F. Grinke, A. Gleghorn and G. Morris, cond. Boyd Neel. Decca K1616-7). Definitely more "immediate" and more thoroughly solid in texture than Koussevitzky's recording. Performance well up to the usual Boyd Neel standard.

HANDEL-HARTY: *Water Music Suite* (L.P.O. cond. Cameron. Decca K1582-3). *Pro*: By dint of reordering the movements the *Air* has been got on to one side. The echo effects in the first movement are very well managed and the recording throughout is finely stereoscopic. *Contra*: Performance rather sleepy: neither the springiness nor the grace of the Harty recording. People who still prefer stylistic refinement to modern recording improvements will continue to cherish the old set.

MOZART: *String Quintet in D* (K593) (Budapest Quartet with Milton Katims, viola. Col. LX1046-8). Without being entirely certain about it, I feel that the tone of the first violin in this set has not been quite happily (i.e., roundly) transferred to the disc. Otherwise this issue is a joy. The cello and viola tone is particularly beautiful, and the parts are always clear and well blended.

MOZART: *String Quartet in D minor* (K421) (Griller Quartet. Decca K1719-22). I doubt whether the Grillers have ever given us so admirably considered and sensitive a performance of a masterpiece. It is rare indeed to meet any modern ensemble

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RAVEL: *Trio in A minor* (Trio di Trieste. H.M.V. C3607-9). With the possible exception of *Daphnis and Chloe*, the Trio has a better claim than any other work to be considered Ravel's most original invention. The culmination (according to Roland Manuel) of the composer's second period, it combines poetic refinement of idea with a luxurious texture and a highly coloured surface, in a manner of which only French artists possess the secret. This worldly masterpiece receives the most sumptuous treatment at the hands of a trio remarkable for the richness, brilliance and individuality of their playing. Evidently they are more at home in this music than they were, recently, in Brahms. The recording is on the whole very good, though a little light on bass and, in the final pages, not altogether successful in keeping order among the glittering throng.

GRANADOS: *Spanish Dances Nos. 5 and 10* (Jose Iturbi. H.M.V. DB6573). However pained we may have been by some of Iturbi's later developments as a player of serious music, there is no questioning his mastery of the Spanish style. These pieces are insubstantial enough, but Iturbi handles them with a deftness and a rhythmic subtlety that will delight the amateur of pianistic elegance. The tone of the instrument is most agreeably rendered.

GRANADOS: *Los Requiebros* (*Goyescas*, Book 1, No. 1. Iris Loveridge. Col. DX1456). The Maja's endearments are very attractive at first, but turn out to be lacking in variety. The lady protests too much and always in the same words. The style, replete (like much Spanish piano music) with unnecessary notes, seems to derive from one of Liszt's pupils—say Balakireff. One can be sensitive to the charm and individuality of Granados' gift, and still feel that this particular piece is over-written. Miss Loveridge, however, invests it with every quality except the one of which a Spanish pianist like Iturbi naturally disposes. The recording is a little on the metallic side.

BRAHMS: *Variations on a Theme by Paganini, Book II* (Moura Lympany. H.M.V. C3697). Only a male virtuoso, I submit, can make of this work more than a series of brilliant exercises. An executant whose technique enables him to take the hideous difficulties in his stride, can so vary the tempo and the balance of parts as to bring out the rhapsodic qualities which underlie the acrobatic figuration. Egon Petri does just this, in his recording (still excellent) of the entire work. Miss Lympany, who elects to play only the second set of variations, must be applauded for the strength and accuracy of her performance: her ability to play all the notes at the right speed is not in doubt; but the result is somewhat mechanical. Even in the slower variations an inability to strike a tenth with the left hand without spreading it, spoils the composer's intention. Recording very clear, but tone not particularly agreeable.

SZYMANOWSKI: *Theme and Variations in B flat minor* (Malcuzynski. Col. LX1050). An early work, obviously influenced by Reger, but full of ingenious beauties and admirable pianistic writing. Except in the Finale, which is thickly overscored, Malcuzynski gives an effortless performance, never merely brilliant and alive with sensitive perception. The recording is first rate. The Gramophone Company deserves great credit for putting out this rare work by a composer whose *oeuvre* is far too seldom explored.

WAGNER: "Am stillen Herd" and *Preislied* ("Die Meistersinger") (Set Svanholm, with Orch. cond. Weissmann. H.M.V. DB6537). The first record to be published here of a very fine Wagnerian tenor. "Am stillen Herd" strikes me as rather explosive and lacking in lyrical ease; but in the *Preislied* Svanholm gives a really inspiring performance. The orchestral part, conspicuously well played, is very nicely balanced in an altogether excellent recording.

WAGNER: *Fliedermonolog* ("Die Meistersinger" (Paul Schoeffler, with Zurich Tonhalle Orch. cond. Knappertsbusch. Decca K1731). It would be difficult to find a greater contrast to the recent performance at Covent Garden. "Der Vogel der heut' sang" is not quite as expressively sung as it should be; but the general interpretation, the orchestral playing, the tempo which leaves the music plenty of room to deploy itself—these are indeed an adequate solatium The recording would be unexceptionable, were it not for the usual fault of tipping the balance too far in the singer's favour.

VERDI: "Pari siamo!" (*Rigoletto*); "Tutto e deserto: il balen" (*Il Trovatore*) (Paolo Silveri, with L.S.O. cond. Erede. Col. DX1461).

VERDI: "Pari siamo!" (*Rigoletto*) and PUCCINI: "Gia! mi dicon venal" (*Tosca*) (Marko Rothmüller, with orch. cond. Erede. H.M.V. C3689). Paolo Silveri is a powerful and—in softer passages—beautiful singer. This is much; but a comparison of his "Pari siamo" with that of Marko Rothmüller reveals a certain lack of refinement and of expressive range. In style and in sheer magnificence of tone Mr. Rothmüller appears to me incomparably the finer artist. He never lapses into the raucousness which Italian baritones (including Signor Silveri) seem unable to avoid. His delivery is extraordinarily dramatic (notice his threatening attack on the words "me dardeggiava" in the arioso from *Tosca*), yet his notes are always round and steady. Franca Sacchi contributes some suitably agonised screams to the end of Scarpia's declaration. Both these discs are skilfully recorded.

MOZART: "Voi che sapete" (*Figaro*) and "Come scoglio" (*Così fan Tutte*) (Suzanne Danco, with Scala Orch. Milan, cond. Perlea. Decca K1732). An efficient soprano. Her "Voi che sapete" is singularly cold and charmless, but, after rather a tame start, Mlle Danco makes a good deal of "Come scoglio." This is probably as good a performance as we are likely to get to-day, of this most exacting aria. Voice well recorded, orchestra rather feeble.

THOMAS: "Behold Titania" (*Mignon*); MOZART: "I was heedless in my Rapture" (*Il Seraglio*) (Gwen Catley, with orch. cond. Rignold. H.M.V. C3696). In many ways a remarkable record. English words are here a very nasty snag; in particular, they prevent Miss Catley from delivering the E flat section of the Polonaise from *Mignon* with the *espièglerie* it demands. Otherwise, she handles the coloratura of this famous aria with considerable ease and precision. "Ach! ich liebte" fares even better, though it is no less testing. The recording deals kindly with Miss Catley's agile, but rather slim voice.

BACH: "Sheep may safely graze" (*Cantata No. 208*) (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf with two Flutes, Cello and Harpsichord. Col. LX1051). Very charmingly sung, and recorded to perfection. Unfortunately, the two flutes are very breathy and continuously below pitch.

CILEA: "*Lamento di Federico*" (*L'Arlesiana*); PUCCINI: "E lucevan le stelle" (*Tosca*) (Di Stefano, with orch. cond. Erede. H.M.V. DB6580). This should prove a very popular record, for it is "the real right thing." Cilea may not be a very distinguished composer, but the *Lamento* is a genuine inspiration, dramatically expressive and deeply musical. It is possible to sing it more intimately than Signor di Stefano does, but hardly with a more ringing tone. Both arias are recorded at a very high dynamic level, but sound quite comfortable on an up-to-date reproducer.

FAURÉ: *Le Secret* and *Clair de Lune* (Maggie Teyte acc. Moore. H.M.V. DA1876). Something has evidently gone wrong with the recording of *Le Secret*, for the whole of the vocal part has an intolerably rough edge. *Clair de Lune* does not suffer from this fault and in performance compares well with any of Miss Teyte's later recordings of French songs.

GOUNOD: "All Hail thou Dwelling" (*Faust*); PUCCINI: "Your tiny hand is frozen (*La Bohème*) (James Johnston, with Royal Opera House Orch. cond. Collingwood. Col. DX1455). An extremely creditable performance. To-day James Johnston is probably our best singer in the Italian style: he really

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sings, instead of relying on pretentious declamation to carry him through. I cannot pretend to care for "Salut demeure" in English, because the rise and fall of the melody is so closely fitted to French vocables. The Puccini aria suffers less in this respect. The balance is better than is usual in operatic recordings. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Les Œuvres de François Villon. Edited By PIERRE MESSIAEN. *Desclée de Brouwer, 700 francs.*

This is the ideal edition of Villon. It contains a long and interesting introduction by Pierre Messiaen which tells us all we need to know of the poet's life and work. It also includes R. L. Stevenson's well-known essay and short appreciations by Gaston Paris and others. The notes and explanations of archaic words are printed in red ink on the margin—an excellent idea, saving all the trouble of turning back to consult glossary and appendix. In between these notes are charming dry-points of plants and sprays by Mario Prassinos. The book is a fine example of the printer's art and the general make-up is original and attractive.

Week-end Competitions

No. 942

Set by Thomas Smallbones.

The usual prizes are offered for a dialogue in rhymed verse between two March Hares surveying the human scene. Limit 12 lines. Entries by March 16.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 939

Set by W. R.

Six guineas are offered for versions in English verse of Mörike's *Um Mitternacht*. Entries that follow the shape of the original and that can be sung in Wolf's setting will be preferred, other things being equal, but the prizes are not reserved to competitors fulfilling this condition.

Gelassen stieg die Nacht ans Land,
Lehnt träumend an der Berge Wand,
Ihr Auge sieht die goldne Wage nun
Der Zeit in gleichen Schalen stille ruhn;
Und kecker rauschen die Quellen hervor,
Sie singen der Mutter, der Nacht, ins Ohr
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenen Tage.

Das uralt alte Schlummerlied,
Sie achtet's nicht, sie ist es müd;
Ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue süsser noch,
Der flüchtgen Stunden gleichgeschwung'nes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die Quellen das Wort.
Es singen die Wasser im Schlafe noch fort
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenen Tage.

Report by W. R.

Over a hundred-and-fifty competitors tried their hand at this brutally exacting task. When I had picked those which read best as English verse, I regretfully discarded two—those of B. G. Hodge and Fergie for changing the sense of the original without any apparent reason. Little Billee carries translator's licence very far by introducing the notion of "To-morrow," but his version is too good not be be printed, and he shares a prize of two guineas with Clorinde. The first prize of four guineas is divided between R. J. P. Hewison and Chauve-Souris, whom I congratulate on conveying much of the mysterious beauty of Mörike. None of the prize-winning entries lends itself ideally to Wolf's setting, a superb record of which by Kepnis is obtainable in the Hugo Wolf Society's Album, Vol. III.

AT MIDNIGHT

The Night, so calm in her descent,
Leans on the mountains' battlement;
Her eye sees now all moveless, in her dream,
Time's golden scales at rest with even beam;
And fresher bubble the fountain and spring,
In the ear of their mother the Night they sing,
"Day's over,
To-day's day has been and is over."
The lullaby of times forgot,
It wearies her, she heeds it not.
Heav'n's blue for her with sweeter music rings,
The even-balanced yoke of hours on wings.
Yet ever the fountains the dominant keep,
And even the waters sing on in her sleep,
"Day's over,
To-day's day has been and is over."
R. J. P. HEWISON

Serene above the earth rides Night,
Dreaming she rests upon the height,
While far below her now her eyes behold
Quiescent Time in balanced scales of gold;
The fountains singing with wilder delight
Extol in their rapture to mother Night
Day's splendour,
The day that is gone, and its splendour.

The old, primeval slumber-song
She heeds not—she has heard too long:
Blue of the skies . . . for her more sweetly chime
The swift hours equipoised in scales of Time.
The fountains repeat their melodious strain,
The slumbering waters are praising again
Day's splendour,
The day that is gone, and its splendour.
CHAUVE-SOURIS

Night softly o'er the land did glide
And, dreaming on the mountain-side,
A moment stays to watch bright Libra hold
Time equal poised in either scale of gold.
Then high leap the fountains, exulting they spring,
And loud in the ear of their Mother Night sing
Of the Day,
Of the Day passed for ever away.

But from their ancient lullaby
Aweary turns she to the sky,
Where sweeter calls the blue of heaven and high
On equal beam the fleeting hours swing by.
Still clamour the fountains; as loudly they leap,
The waters go singing away in their sleep
Of the Day,
Of the Day passed for ever away. CLORINDE

Night, her quiet land-fall made,
Dreams, on a mountain-shoulder stayed;
Time's golden balance now she seems to see
Levelled at last in deep tranquillity;
But the little brooks keep whispering
And rudely in Night's ear they sing
Of To-morrow,
Of the Day, that has been, and the Morrow.

Their old, millenial slumber-song
She heeds not, she has heard too long;
The deep of Heaven a sweeter music sounds
Holding the racing hours in bridled bounds,
Yet silence comes never on spring and rill,
And the waters sing to the sleeper still
Of To-morrow,
Of the Day that has been, and the Morrow.
LITTLE BILLEE

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Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns relates to a man between 18 and 50 inclusive or a woman between 18 and 40 inclusive unless he or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the vacancy is for employment excepted from the provision of that Order.

UNIVERSITY of Wales, Univ. College of N. Wales, Bangor. The Council will shortly appoint a Professor of Latin with effect from Oct. 1, 1948. Salary £1,450 p.a. plus superann. Applics. should be lodged with Glyn Roberts, Secy. & Registrar, from whom further partics. may be obtained, by March 20, 1948.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Extra-Mural Dept. Applics. invited from persons with good Univ. Degree for post of Resident Tutor at new Adult College, Attingham Hall, Shropshire. Qualifics. in Sociology and Politics valued, real interest in development of a new centre for Adult Educ. essential. Initial salary not less than £550, according to qualifics. and exp., rising by annual increments to £700. Ten copies of applic., with names of two referees, to undersigned, from whom further partics. may be obtained, by March 25. D. R. Dudley, Director of Extra-Mural Studies, The University, Edmund St. Birmingham, 3.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applics. invited for Lectureship in Political Science. Sal. scale £500 rising to £850 p.a. with superannuation benefits and family allowances. The Lecturer will be reqd. to assist in the general work of the Dept. and, especially, to devote himself either to the history of political philosophy (ancient and mediaeval) or to the history of political philosophy (modern Germany and Russia). Applics., to be accompanied by names of 3 refs., should be forwarded as soon as possible to Secretary, London School of Economics, Houghton St. Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further information may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Lecturer in Philosophy. Sal. £450 p.a. with Superannuation under the Federated Superannuation System for Universities, and children's allowance. Duties to commence Sept. 29. Applics. by March 13 to Registrar, University, Manchester, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

CHELSEA College of Physical Education. (Eastbourne Local Educ. Authority.) Required, for Sept., 1948, Lecturer in Human Physiology. Applicants should possess a good degree in Physiology, or in General Sci. with Physiology as one subject. Appointment also includes teaching of Elementary Physics and Chemistry as an introduction to Physiology. Post is normally a full-time one but applics. for appointment as part-time Lecturer may be considered. Salary (full-time Lecturer) in accordance with Report of the Committee on Scales of Salaries for Teaching Staffs of Training Colleges in force for time being. Applic. forms obtainable from J. C. Aspden, Chief Educ. Officer, Education Office, 14, Upperton Rd. Eastbourne, on receipt of 2 s.a.e. foolscap env., to be returned on completion by March 27.

MALAYA University Bursar. Applics. invited for post of Bursar in university institution which is being established in Malaya on the basis of the existing King Edward VII College of Medicine and Raffles College. Bursar will be equal in status with the Registrar and directly responsible to Principal for financial admin. of institution. Sal. up to £1,600 p.a., plus cost-of-living allowance (at present £154 p.a. for single and £224 p.a. for married persons). Free passages. Superannuation. Children's allowances. Exp. of university admin. advantage. Candidates should submit applics. (6 copies), giving full partics. of professional qualifics. and exp. and names of 3 persons to whom reference may be made, to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education in Colonies, 8 Park St. W.1, before April 1.

ASSISTANT Drama Advisor for Y.W.C.A. to visit Centres, stimulate dramatic activities generally and advise on production, stagecraft and choice of material, etc. Professional exp. and also exp. in working with young people and in Religious Drama desirable. Office at Headquarters London, but working for considerable periods in provinces. Sal. according to scale. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit. Apply Personnel Sec., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Gt. Russell St. W.C.1.

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Dept. to assist, among other work, in preparation of youth broadcasts. Good general education of a university standard, exp. of youth work and/or informal education, adaptability, and aptitude for work in broadcasting would be regarded as qualifics. Pending the settlement of the Corporation's post-war Establishment now proceeding the post will be non-established on a consolidated sal. scale, rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. £890 p.a. Applics. must be made on the prescribed form which can, together with further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C., be obtained from Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting Hse. W.1, on receipt of s.a.e. Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is March 20.

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Worker reqd. at Bexley Hospital (for nervous and mental disorders), Bexley, Kent. Exp. essential. Candidates pref. should hold Mental Health Certificate of London School of Economics or equivalent qualific. and will be reqd. to cooperate with medical staff in investigating history of mental cases and supervising social welfare of patients. Sal. scale £370 rising to £530 p.a. (commencing sal. according to exp). For applic. form send s.a. foolscap env. to Med. Officer of Health (MHS/B), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. (312.)

Appointments Vacant—continued

B.B.C. invites applics. for post of Producer in European Productions Dept. Familiarity with radio production, actuality and Outside Broadcasting work will be one of the primary considerations. Feature writing exp. an added advantage. Some knowl. of European problems and culture is essential and a knowledge of languages, particularly Danish or some other Scandinavian language is desirable. The successful candidate will be reqd. to produce documentary and dramatic programmes, to give assistance in actuality and Outside Broadcasting work and to help in general in the work of the Productions Dept. Sal. is in a scale rising by annual increments of £40 to a max. £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse. W.1, marked "European Productions N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowl. enclose s.a.e.

THE British Council invites applics. for post of Assistant (Exhibitions Officer, Fine Arts) in Visual Art Department. Duties include arrangements for assembling and dispatching exhibitions abroad, negotiations with artists, art galleries and private owners, the co-ordination of tours overseas, as well as routine office administration. Candidates should be aged pref. between 28-40 years, and possess a degree or its equiv. Previous exp. in arranging exhibitions is an indispensable qualification; knowledge of British art and at least one foreign language will be an adv. Salary within range £540-£892 (inc. consolidated addition) according to age and qualifics. Applic. forms and further partics. from Director, Personnel Dept., British Council, 3 Hanover St. W.1, to whom completed applic. forms should be retd. by Mar. 20.

UNIVERSITY College, Leicester. Applics. invited for post of Organising Secretary of the proposed Institute of Education. Applicants should be graduates with teaching and admin. exp. Sal. according to qualifics. and exp., but initial sal. will be not less than £650 p.a., with membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances Scheme. Duties to begin on Sept. 1. Further partics. from the Registrar.

BERKSHIRE Child Guidance Clinic. Applics. invited for post of Clinical Psychologist at Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic, Reading, for playtherapy, and some coaching and testing. Salary £355, rising by two annual increments of £20 and one of £25 to £820. Forms of applic. from H. J. C. Needham, Clerk to the Joint Committee, Shire Hall, Reading, to whom they should be returned completed by April 1.

GOVERNOR Class V (Woman) reqd. for H.M. Prison and Borstal Service. Candidates should be women at least 25 and under 40 years on Jan. 1, 1948. Secondary School or Univ. educ. Exp. in club work a recommendation. Appointment is pensionable. Salary (London scale) £330, rising by annual increments of £20 to £470. Free unfurn. accomm. or an allowance in lieu. Applics. in response to this announcement are not debarred by provisions of Control of Engagement Order, 1947. Applic. forms from Establishment Officer, Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle St. London, S.W.1. To be returned by March 20.

L.C.C. Assistant (man/woman) reqd. for research work in connection with writing of historical portions of "Survey of London." Salary, £375-£25-£550. Married women are eligible. Candidates should have a degree in history/English and a knowledge of mediaeval law, Latin and palaeography. Form with full partics. obtainable from Clerk of Council (D), County Hall, S.E.1 (stamped addressed foolscap env. necessary), must be returned within fourteen days. Canvassing disqualifies. (403.)

ASSISTANT in Education Dept., required immediately to act as editorial Secretary and help with general work in the Department. Salary according to scale and experience. Apply to Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A., National Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1. Women under 41 can be accepted subject to M.O.L. permit.

METROPOLITAN Borough of Finsbury. Applics. invited for appointment on permanent staff of Library Assistants (male or female). For a candidate who has not passed the Library Association Entrance Exam., salary will be in accordance with General Division of Natl. Scales (i.e., according to age, viz.: for males £145 at 16—£415 at 32; for females £116 at 16—£332 at 32). Upon passing the Library Assoc. Entrance Exam., he or she will be given an acceleration of up to five annual increments within General Division and will, on reaching maximum of General Division or on passing part of Library Association Registration Exam., be considered for promodon to Clerical Division (£415—£460 for males; £332—£368 for females). For a candidate who has passed Library Assoc. Entrance Exam., salary will be either on General Division with up to five accelerated annual increments, or on Clerical Division according to circumstances. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., and accompanied by copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be received by me by Mar. 20. Successful applicants reqd. to pass medical exam. and to contribute to Council's Superann. Fund. John B. Fishwick, Town Clerk, Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. The Council of the College invites applics. for post of Housekeeper-caterer at Beck Hall of Residence for Women Students; person appointed will be specially responsible under the Warden for catering, organisation of kitchen and service of meals. Domestic science training pref. Salary £200 p.a., together with board and residence in Hall and membership of Federated Superann. Scheme. Further partics. from Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

SOCIAL Worker reqd. qualified direct family case-work dept. Knowledge C.A.B. advantage. Sal. from £300. Full partics., General Secretary, Reading and District Council of Social Service, Watlington House, Reading.

Appointments Vacant—continued

PRINCIPAL Officer (woman) reqd. for Sunshine Home Nursery School for Blind Children, Northwood. Post will become vacant in June; sal. based on Burnham Scale with residential emoluments. All other qualifics. being equal, peference given to an educationist. Applics. from women who have had exp. with young children and who have administrative ability, should be addressed to Secretary-General, National Institute for Blind, 224, Gt. Portland St. London, W.1.

SURREY County Agricultural Executive Committee. Married couples reqd. to manage Volunteer Agricultural Camps at Elstead, Reigate, Godstone, Hersham and Byfleet for Surrey Agricultural Executive Committee. Exp. of catering for numbers, welfare, entertainment and first-aid will be reqd. Each camp caters approximately for 100 persons of both sexes. Apply in writing to Hostels Officer, Surrey A.E.U., Elgin, London Rd. Guildford.

GIRLS' Club Leader for groups 5-18 years. Resident post. Applications, stating qualifics. and exp., to The Warden, Grey Lodge Settlement, 9 Wellington St. Dundee.

HERTFORDSHIRE C.C. North Herts Divisional Executive. Applics. invited for post of Assistant Divisional Education Officer for North Herts Division. Teaching and/or admin. exp. essential. Graduate pref. Sal. A.P.T. Grade IV of National Joint Council for Local Authorities, scale £420-£465 plus cost-of-living bonus. Applics. (no forms), together with names of 3 refs., to be sent by March 20, to Divisional Education Officer, New Town Hall, Hitchin.

L.C.C. Reqd. in day schools for educationally sub-normal children in London, qualified assistant teachers (men or women). Sal. Burnham (London) scale, plus 2 increments carried beyond the max. Applic. forms from Education Officer (T.S.5), County Hall, Westminster, S.E.1 (s.a.e. nec.), returnable by March 20. Canvassing disqualifies. (417.)

WANTED in April a senior music mistress (resident) to teach piano and organise the music of the School. Burnham scale. Government pension. Apply at once to Head Mistress, Royal School, Bath.

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CATERING Manageress, age 30/40, reqd. for large establishment in Birmingham area. Practical knowl. of catering and exp. in organisation of large catering establishment essential. Commencing sal. £350-£450 p.a. according to qualifics. and exp. Applics., stating age, qualifics. and exp., to Box 2262.

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Personal

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